



*G. King inv. et sculp.*



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3  
THE  
ANATOMIST;  
OR, THE  
Sham-Doctor:

Written by Mr. RAVENSCROFT.

WITH THE

L O V E S

OF

MARS and VENUS;

A PLAY set to MUSICK:

Written by Mr. MOTTEUX.

As they are Acted together

By their MAJESTIES Servants.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's Head*, against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*; R. WELLINGTON, at the *Dolphin and Crown*, and C. CORBETT, at *Addison's Head*, both without *Temple-Bar*; J. BRINDLEY, at the *King's Arms* in *New Bond-street*; A. BETTESWORTH, and F. CLAY, in Trust for B. WELLINGTON.

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MDCCXXXV.





T O

*Thomas Ravenscroft, Esq;*

*Late High Sheriff of Flintshire.*

S I R,



H O' the Stars are plac'd at so  
great a distance from us, yet  
we behold their Light; and  
those that shine most bright  
are most admir'd. So Me-  
rit and Virtue dart their Influence from  
afar: You seem one of the first Magni-  
tude. *Shrewsbury* is the Orb in which  
you are fixt; yet tho' your Person is  
circumscrib'd there, your Virtues are dif-  
fusivè thro' all Countries: There they

## 6 *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

enjoy your Person, and here we admire your Virtues. Fame represents you to us so qualify'd with all the Ornaments of a Gentleman, that you seem a new addition of Honour to your Family, and rather give Credit to the Name, than receive a Lustre from it: And yet it is so antient, that when *William* the Conqueror came into *England*, one of his Nobles marry'd a *Ravenscroft*: He marry'd, 'tis said, (*ex perantiquissima Ravenscroftorum Familia*) out of the most, or very antient Family of the *Ravenscrofts*. From thence, Sir, you are descended. I boast the same Virtues too, that make you eminent and a Glory to the Name, your prudent Government of your self, your Generosity, your Bounty, your Affability, and above all, your Principles of Honour and Loyalty. Interest sways you not, nor gives a Bias to your Actions: They all aim at Virtue, and there you nobly win the Game. Distress makes you not slight your Friend, nor swerve from being just.

B U T



*The Epistle Dedicatory.* 7

BUT while I am speaking truth of you, I may seem to flatter my self, that bear your Name ; therefore I will not proceed to enumerate your Praises, lest it should be thought I arrogate to myself.

THIS humble Piece which I dedicate to you, is the most trivial of any that has past my hands: Yet it has stood the Test of the Stage, with great Success. But now it launches into the World in print, it wants the support of some eminent Person to protect it. Therefore, Sir, I prefix your Name, to be its Refuge and Defence. If your Candour will pardon its Faults and Imperfections, the World will then by your Example favourably receive and cherish it, if not for its own Merits, at least for yours, which command all Tongues to praise you, and all Hearts to love you. With this I dedicate and devote my self to your Friendship and

## 8 *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Service, hoping that a future Intimacy and farther Acquaintance may establish me in your Favour, and give me better Opportunities to shew how much, and how entirely I esteem a Person of your Worth and Character.

S I R,

*Your Admirer, and*

*most Humble Servant,*

**Edward Ravenscroft.**

**P R O -**



# PROLOGUE

## To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS,

Spoken by Mrs. Barry:

Written by Mr. MOTTEUX.



*O RE blest than Day be this auspicious  
Night,  
When with your Presence we indulge our  
Sight.*

*Our solitary Stage no longer grieves:  
The sight of Princes still from Fate reprieves.  
So, when the glorious Ev'ning-Star does rise,  
Her glitt'ring Train attends, and fills the circling  
Skies.*

*Thus we at need on Heav'n and you depend:  
Our Wishes rise, and the kind Beams descend.  
Oh! that we here cou'd oftner thus be blest!  
But mighty Joys too seldom are possess'd.  
With gloomy Looks we did your Absence mourn,  
And only liv'd in hopes of your return.  
In pity grant our Sports one kindly Ray,  
We by your Presence live, and by your Smiles the Play.  
This fears no Censure; for, while you're in view,  
What can Spectators see or like but you?  
Seem but to like, and their Applause we'll boast;  
For sure to see you pleas'd, is what will please them most.*



# PROLOGUE,

Spoken by *Mr. Betterton* :

Written by *Mr. Motteux*.



O-day expect no Pageant Decoration,  
This Lord Mayor's Show began the Reformation :  
Yet is our Entertainment odd and new ;  
We've in our Show the first of Cuckolds too :  
And what we call a Masque, some will allow  
To be an Op'ra, as the World goes now.  
So is your pois'ning Quack miscall'd a Doctor,  
And your worst Mimick calls himself an Actor.  
So your dull Scribler (to our Cost we know it)  
Writes a damn'd Play, and is misnam'd a Poet.  
Once Song and Dance cou'd buoy up want of Thinking,  
But now those Bladders can't prevent its sinking :  
Plays grow so heavy, that those Helps are vain ;  
Three times they sink, and never rise again.  
Well, if our Neighbours the Precedence claim,  
For good dull Stuff we'll not dispute with them.  
Our Medley is perhaps as much too light,  
But let it pass --- We don't take Money yet by weight.  
By Sympathy, 't should please the Beaus, I know,  
For in all things an Op'ra's like a Beau.

*Both*



## PROLOGUE.

*Both Beau and Op'ra on the Stage are seen;  
 Both odd in Dress, and shifting still the Scene:  
 Each dances, sings, and moves like a Machine.  
 To be admir'd, 'tis at a vast Expence;  
 It loves soft Words, but cares not much for Sense;  
 For by its Nature 'twas design'd for show;  
 Why, 'tis an Op'ra but to dress a Beau.  
 But one unlucky Difference stands between,  
 Op'ra's are paid, but Beaus pay to be seen  
 (Those who don't come to sharp an Act I mean.)  
 For your own sakes, we beg Applause of you;  
 Since 'twill revenge you on the Scribling Crew.  
 For, if this takes, strait cries each senseless Elf,  
 Dem-me, I'd write as well as this myself.  
 With that he writes a thing which we refuse;  
 Then, wond'ring how we durst offend his Muse,  
 Strait in a huff he gives it t'other House;  
 Who either slight it, or 'twill be its Lot  
 To get as much as their last Op'ra got.*





## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

Old Mr. <i>Gerald</i> ,	Mr. <i>Bright</i> .
Young Mr. <i>Gerald</i> ,	Mr. <i>Hodson</i> .
The Doctor,	Mr. <i>Underbill</i> .
<i>Martin</i> , Servant to old } <i>Gerald</i> ,	Mr. <i>T. Harris</i> .
<i>Crispin</i> , the Sham Doc- } tor, Servant to young } <i>Gerald</i> ,	Mr. <i>Bowen</i> .
<i>Simon</i> , a Country-fellow,	Mr. <i>Trout</i> .

### W O M E N.

Wife to the Doctor,	Mrs. <i>Leigh</i> .
Mrs. <i>Angelica</i> , their } Daughter,	Mrs. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Beatrice</i> , the Maid,	Mrs. <i>Lawson</i> .
Waiting-woman,	Mrs. <i>Robinson</i> .

THE



THE  
ANATOMIST;  
OR, THE  
SHAM-DOCTOR.



ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter before the Curtain, Angelica, Beatrice.*

ANGELICA.

Is my Mother ready? is she coming to hear the Musick?

*Beat.* Yes, Madam, and is extremely pleas'd; she loves Musick wonderfully.

*Ang.* So do I, *Beatrice*; we are much beholden to my singing Master.

*Beat.* Yes, Madam; but you are more beholden to your Lover, young Mr. Gerald.

*Ang.* How so?

*Beat.*



*Beat.* You know he has left the University for your sake, and has been this Month in Town, waiting Opportunities to see you : He brought with him some Words of his own Composing to entertain you, they are set by your own Master : By this Means he hopes to get Admittance to discourse you, and breathe his Love-Ejaculations in your Ear.

*Ang.* How can that be ? He is known both by my Father and Mother.

*Beat.* No matter for that ; he is in Disguise, and sits amongst the Instrumental Musick as one of them.

*Ang.* How shall I know him ?

*Beat.* By his Eye, as you do a Pheasant, he'll be looking on you all the while.

*Ang.* But how will he come to speak to me ?

*Beat.* Trust that to Chance, at least it will be a Pleasure to see one another : It is a Delight to Lovers to steal Looks, tho' it be at Church.

*Ang.* Sure Love and Devotion are near a-kin, they are each bred in the Soul, and Musick is the Food of both.

*Beat.* Here comes your Father and Mother.

*Enter Doctor and Wife.*

*Wife.* Come, Husband, stay and hear the Musick, my Daughter's Master will take it ill else ; it was provided for the Play-house, and he has brought 'em all here to practise it over in form : You'll have time enough to visit your Patients.

*Doct.* Let 'em begin presently then, for Time is precious to Men of Business.

*Wife.* The Musick strikes up already. Sit down, Husband ; Daughter and *Beatrice*, take you your Places over against us.

*They all sit down, and the first Musical Entertainment begins. After that they rise and speak.*

*Doct.*



*Doct.* Well, now my time is out, I must be gone.

*Wife.* This is not all: This is but the Prologue to what follows; you must hear the rest.

*Doct.* I must go visit a Nobleman that is my Patient, just now, but I'll return anon: In the mean time take all the Performers in to Breakfast, and treat 'em with some Bottles of Wine.

*Wife.* By that time you'll come again.

*Doct.* Ay, my dear Wife, farewell. [Exit.

*Wife.* Gentlemen, pray all walk into the next Room, and take part of a small Entertainment. Come, Daughter.

[Exeunt Wife, Ang. and Performers.]

Enter Crispin.

*Crisp.* Beatrice, tell Mrs. Angelica my Master wou'd fain come too, but dares not, for fear he should be known to be in Town. Besides, he and I have some Business, but we'll be here again anon.

*Beat.* Well, well, get you gone, Crispin. I am call'd.  
*Exeunt severally.*



## S C E N E II.

*Enter old Gerald and Martin.*

*Mar.* **Y**OU are resolv'd, Sir, to marry you say?

*O. Ger.* I am; and to that end, I have sent my Son to the University, to mind his Study, and be out of the Way.

*Mar.* May I, Sir, be so bold, to ask the Lady's Name, you intend to make your Wife?

*O. Ger.* Madam Angelica, the Doctor's Daughter.

*Mar.*

*Mar.* Sure, Sir, you're not in earnest ! she's not above fifteen ; that Match, Sir, would be fitter for your Son.

*O. Ger.* My Son ? I don't intend that he shall marry yet, these seven Years.

*Mar.* But Sir, consider well before you marry.

*O. Ger.* I have thought enough, she's handsome, young, and sprightly.

*Mar.* But these are Qualities will not agree with an old Man's Constitution.

*O. Ger.* Old, Coxcomb ! I an't so old.

*Mar.* No Sir, if you had been contemporary with the Patriarchs, you had been counted now a very youth ; but in this short-liv'd Age we live in, Sir, you are, as one may say, worn to the Stumps.

*O. Ger.* Hold your prating ; Threescore is Man's ripe Age.

*Mar.* Yes, and his rotten Age too ; but you, if I mistake not, are threescore and ten.

*O. Ger.* No more of Age : 'Tis a thing never to be inquir'd into, but when you are buying Horses.

*Mar.* How ! Not in Marriage, Sir ?

*O. Ger.* Not if a Man be very rich.

*Mar.* Can you believe Sir, the old Doctor her Father, and the Gentlewoman her Mother, who is a notable wise governing Woman, will bestow their Daughter, and their only Heir, upon a Man so old, where there's no hopes of Grand-children to inherit what they have, without an Act of Parliament to enable him ?

*O. Ger.* Hold your Tongue, I say ; you are my Servant, not my Counsellor I take it, Sir : This is my own Concern ; when I am married, I doubt not but I shall behave my self, as a married Man ought.

*Mar.* But if the Doctor won't consent to it —

*O. Ger.* That I am sure of, he has promis'd me, and he's a Man of his Word.

*Mar.*

*Mar.* That indeed is something: but, Sir, you know the Wife there wears the Breeches; and if the grey Mare be the better Horse, you'll find it difficult to bestride the Filly.

*O. Ger.* I know she is a little domineering; and I know too that Mr. Doctor is a wise Man; his Gravity and Prudence will manage her well enough; he who can cure mad Folks, scorns to be Wife-ridden.

*Mar.* Many have try'd in vain; a Man sometimes may sooner break his own Heart, than his Wife's Will. But see, Sir, here's the Doctor.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doct.* Mr. *Gerald*, good Morrow to you, Sir.

*O. Ger.* Mr. Doctor, I was coming to speak to you.

*Doct.* Come; let me feel your Pulse.

*O. Ger.* It needs not, Sir.

*Doct.* T'other Hand.

*O. Ger.* That's not my Business.

*Doct.* No, but 'tis mine, your Pulse, Sir, is disordered.

*O. Ger.* You mistake me, my —

*Doct.* Put out your Tongue, your Tongue.

*O. Ger.* No Matter for my Tongue.

*Doct.* Do you sleep well?

*O. Ger.* Yes, very well. But, Sir —

*Doct.* How is your Stomach? have you a good Appetite?

*O. Ger.* Yes, Mr. Doctor, but I come —

*Doct.* And do you digest well what you eat?

*O. Ger.* Yes, very well; but will you hear me, Sir?

*Doct.* And all those other Benefits of Nature?

*O. Ger.* I have 'em regularly. But, Mr. Doctor —

*Doct.* Nay, if you eat well, drink well, sleep well, digest well, and after all this should not be well, it would be wonderful. But I lose time, I must visit my other Patients. Your Servant, Sir.

*O. Ger.*



*O. Ger.* Stay, good Sir, stay; I have had Patience to hear you talk, and to no Purpose neither: now 'tis my Turn to speak, and to some Purpose.

*Doct.* Dispatch then; I'm in haste.

*O. Ger.* 'Tis not about my Health I came to you, no, 'tis another Affair.

*Doct.* What Affair?

*O. Ger.* That, that you know of.

*Doct.* What, I say?

*O. Ger.* The Business that I spoke of.

*Doct.* When?

*O. Ger.* When! more than once.

*Doct.* Where?

*O. Ger.* At several Places; at your House and mine.

*Doct.* What was it then?

*O. Ger.* About your Daughter.

*Doct.* What about my Daughter?

*O. Ger.* About my marrying her.

*Doct.* Oh! was it nothing else? I thought 't had been something of Consequence. As to that Matter, I have given my Promise; choose your own time, marry her when you please.

*O. Ger.* And have you broke it to your Wife?

*Doct.* No, but my Will is hers; she submits to what I think fit. I am and will be Master. I thank Heaven, I have Discretion, and can rule a Wife, as a wise Husband ought.

*O. Ger.* I doubt it not.

*Doct.* If once my Wife should contradict my Will, she should soon find what Metal I am made of. I thank my Stars, we have no domestick Broils, my Wife submits to me in all Things.

*O. Ger.* If you think fit then, let's acquaint her with it, 'tis a Formality all Mothers may expect.

*Doct.* You say well; stay here, I'll call her. [Exit.

*O. Ger.* Well, *Martin*, what say you now?

*Mar.*



# The SHAM-DOCTOR.

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*Mar.* I see the Doctor is your Friend; so far all's well; but mark the End I say still.

*Re-enter Doctor and Wife.*

*Doct.* My Dearest, here's our good Friend Mr. Gerald come purposely to see you.

*Wife.* Sir, your Servant. Tho' my Husband's a Physician, I am glad to see you're in good Health.

*O. Ger.* Speak to her, Mr. Doctor, tell her the Business.

*Doct.* Do you speak first.

*O. Ger.* 'Tis properer for you.

*Doct.* No, no, you'll explain yourself much better, Lovers are eloquent.

*O. Ger.* But you have the Authority of a Husband, and may without Ceremony open the Matter to her.

*Doct.* No, you must break the Ice, you shall see my Power if she resists.

*Wife.* Pray, Gentlemen, what's this Contest about, and why was I call'd hither?

*O. Ger.* A foolish Punetilio of Honour; and something Mr. Doctor has to acquaint you with.

*Doct.* Our kind Friend, Mr. Gerald here, has a mind to marry our Daughter, Love.

*O. Ger.* Yes, Madam; and upon such Terms as few Parents are displeas'd with. You may scruple my Age: but when you know, I will take her without a Portion, and mean to settle a good Jointure on her, allow her handsomely for Pin-money, keep her a Coach, a Chariot, and two Footmen; and give her every New-years-day a hundred Guineas in an embroidered Purse, to fool away; I hope, that Scruple will be remov'd. Besides, Mr. Doctor has given his Consent already, and I doubt not but yours will come as easily.

*Wife.* Hold there, good Mr. Gerald; these Things require Consideration; your Ages are most unsuitable. Many  
young

young Women have been ruin'd by such unequal Matches. Youth and Age cannot agree: An old Man may be fond of a young Woman, but a young Woman of an old Man never. But to avoid all Inconveniences, and fatal Accidents, that may happen to our Family by such a disproportion'd Marriage, I must tell you plainly, you shan't have my Consent; and I hope you will not take it ill of me.

*O. Ger.* But your Husband, Madam, has given me his word.

*Wife.* What if he has? He gave it then without Consideration. When he comes to weigh all Circumstances as he ought, he must and will be of my mind too.

*O. Ger.* Speak, Mr. Doctor, did not you absolutely promise me?

*Wife.* He who indiscreetly promises, may with good reason call it back. He did it without my Knowledge or Consent, therefore 'twas but a half Promise, Sir.

*O. Ger.* But, Mr. Doctor, a Man of Honour ought to keep his word, and stand to what he says. Speak then, have you not promised me your Daughter?

*Doct.* 'Tis true, I cannot deny it.

*Wife.* How! can you not? we'll talk of that hereafter. Well, Mr. Gerald, promise, or not promise, all's one for that; I deny my Consent, and that's enough.

*Doct.* But Wife, dear Wife —

*Wife.* Wife me no Wife's, but hold your foolish prating; sure I know better than you what's fitting for our Daughter.

*Doct.* But, my Dear, we ought —

*Wife.* I know we ought to be wiser than to make foolish Promises; or if you were so childish, not to keep 'em. Come, Mr. Gerald, set your Heart at rest, you shall never marry my Daughter; there's my Resolution. I will not be the Jest of the whole Town. Who would not split their sides to hear a couple of old Fools call

one

one another Father and Son? away, away for shame!

[Exit.

Mar. Sir, Sir, Mr. Doctor.

Doct. Well, what say you?

Mar. If once my Wife should contradict my Will, she should soon find what Metal I am made of. I thank my Stars, we have no domestick Broils, my Wife submits to me in all things.

O. Ger. Martin says true; this Lesson you read to us, before you call'd your Wife, good Mr. Doctor.

Doct. 'Tis very true; and 'tis as true, this was no proper place to shew my Authority; our Passion must be govern'd by our Reason; my Moderation must cool her Intemperance: Had I presently shewn to the top o'th' House, we had made fine work on't: I'll take a more convenient Opportunity to discourse this Matter with her; in the mean time, leave it to me: I have given my word, and I will—I will—come, trust to me: I warrant you.

Mar. Yes, Sir, leave it to Mr. Doctor, he'll do wonders; he is a Lion in private, but you saw he was a Lamb in publick: But I fear you had better take the Wife's Word than the Husband's; 'tis plain she rules the Roast.

Doct. You are a fool, and know not what you say.

Mar. But I know, Sir, you had a furious Repulse at the Half-Moon, you were beaten out of your Trenches too: you'll have no better luck at the Counterscarp: If you dare venture to Storm, I fear you'll be beaten off with such a shameful loss, you will be forc'd to raise the Siege, and glad you scape unwounded.

Doct. Hold your Tongue, you are a saucy Knave.

Mar. I have done; I won't dispute Titles with Mr. Doctor.

Doct. Well, Mr. Gerald, once more leave all to me: I tell you I will do it; that's sufficient. [Exit.

Mar.



*Mar.* Now, Sir, have you the same Hopes you had of marrying Mrs. *Angelica*? You see her Mother's an imperious Woman; and will never give her Consent to it: The Doctor, I confess, is an able Physician, an excellent Man in his Way, but yet he has the Fortune to be Hen-peck'd, and must submit, as many wise and learned Men have done; therefore you must not build upon his Promises: Besides, I do not find you have got the Daughter's Consent yet; and that's the main Point of all.

*O. Ger.* You say true, *Martin*; I must think of that. Stay, is not that *Crispin* yonder?

*Enter Crispin.*

*Crisp.* O Sir, your Servant: I am glad I have found you. Good Morrow, *Martin*.

*Mar.* Good Morrow, *Crispin*.

*O. Ger.* What Cause brings you to Town?

*Crisp.* Your Son, my Master, sent me in all haste.

*O. Ger.* For what?

*Crisp.* That Letter will inform you.

*O. Ger. reads.* Honoured Father, hoping you are in good Health, as I am, thanks be to God, at the present Writing hereof; this is to let you understand that all my Money's gone, and my Clothes worn so bare, that you may, as the saying is, see my Breech thro' my Pocket holes.

*Mar.* A fine Epistle!

*O. Ger.* This is not my Son's Style, nor is't his Hand: This is some Roguery of yours, Sirrah.

*Crisp.* To tell you the plain Truth, Sir, I lost I know not how, my Master's Letter on the Road; and baiting at a little Village, it happened to be the Sexton's House, who sold a Cup of notable good Ale: There I got him to write this Letter for me. I know my Master sent for Money, and Clothes, pray read the rest.

*O. Ger.* No, I have read enough.

*Mar.* You dictated this Letter to the Sexton, *Crispin*?

*Crisp.*



*Cris.* I did so: what of that?

*Mar.* Nothing, but that the Style is very eloquent.

*Cris.* I think so: I have not been at the University with my Master four Months for nothing.

*O. Ger.* Has my Son spent all his Money in so short a time? he has been prodigal.

*Cris.* He could not help it, he was forc'd to treat at his first coming, Sir: I shall be his Steward for the future, and manage matters better.

*O. Ger.* Look you do. I have some Business now: about an hour hence come home to me. Follow me, *Martin.* [*Ex. O. Ger. and Mar.*]

*Cris.* So far all's well: If I can screw a good Sum out of him, I do my Master's Business; the old Gentleman must not know he's in Town, nor must my Master know I lost his Letter. O, here he comes.

*Enter Young Gerald.*

*Y. Ger.* I sent you with my Letter to my Father; why are you loitering here?

*Cris.* 'Tis done, Sir?

*Y. Ger.* What is done, Sir?

*Cris.* Your Business, Sir, is done effectually: I met your Father here, just in this Place; gave him your Letter; he read it o'er and o'er, and said the Style was admirable; was overjoy'd to see how the University had improv'd you; then I made him an eloquent Oration, to let him see how I had profited: This melted his hard Heart, made his old Eyes twinkle like Flames in the Bottom of two Sockets: At last he bid me come home to him some half an hour hence; by that time, Sir, the Money will be ready.

*Y. Ger.* Did he ask no Questions? How I had spent my Money? what Company I kept? or how I behav'd myself in the University?

*Cris.* He had no time for that; when I come home to him, perhaps he may.

*Y. Ger.*

*Y. Ger.* Be careful, *Crispin* ; should he suspect ———

*Crisp.* He shall pump nothing out of me, I warrant you.

*Y. Ger.* But *Martin* is a notable sly Youth.

*Crisp.* You think, because I can't write and read as he can, that I have less Wit than *Martin* ; I warrant you, I'll be upon my Guard, I'll deal well enough with him. But now, Sir, let me question you a little : How durst you venture abroad by day-light ? Should your Father ———

*Y. Ger.* I know it, *Crispin*, but as soon as you were gone, *Angelica* sent her Maid to me, bid me meet her here ; something of consequence has happen'd to her, and I'm in pain to know the meaning of it. See, she is here.

*Enter Angelica.*

*Y. Ger.* My dear *Angelica* !

*Ang.* Mr. *Gerald* ! I am glad my Maid found you, you have made haste.

*Y. Ger.* Can you blame me for that ? My Love was too impatient to wait ; I have a thousand Doubts and Fears : why did you send for me ? what has happen'd, Madam ? tell me, my *Angelica*, and ease my loaded Heart.

*Ang.* I could not prevail upon myself to stay till you came. O *Gerald* ! 'twill surprize you when I tell you, your Father is in love.

*Y. Ger.* You mock me, Madam.

*Ang.* No, 'tis too true ; he has ask'd me of my Father and my Mother, offers to settle a large Jointure on me, and marry me without a Portion too. These are Proposals few Parents will refuse.

*Y. Ger.* The Laws of Nature, tho' not of Nations, forbid such unequal Matches.

*Ang.* But Money, *Gerald*, what will not Money do ?

*Y. Ger.* 'Tis true ; for Money Mothers sell their Daughters.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* Yes, and for Money most Daughters sell themselves.

*Y. Ger.* A Beau for Money will marry an old wither'd Witch, with rotten Lungs, no Teeth, one Eye, and half a Nose.

*Ang.* For Money Soldiers sell their Lives.

*Y. Ger.* And Priests their Consciences. — But, my *Angelica*, your Father is a wise and learned Man, he is no Mercenary, he won't sell you.

*Ang.* You are mistaken, Sir, he has given his promise to your Father.

*Y. Ger.* Then all my Hope is vanish'd.

*Ang.* Not so; you have no reason to despair. You say my Father's wife, and learned too; now I say, my Mother has no Learning, but more Wisdom; for she has positively refus'd to give him her Consent.

*Y. Ger.* O you revive me! my drooping Soul drinks up your Words, as the parch'd Earth does a refreshing Shower! What's to be done, *Crispin*?

*Ang.* I told you my Mother lov'd Musick most immoderately: She is much pleas'd with it. I will let her know that it was your Contrivance, and acquaint her with our Love, and try to make her of our Party. Stay hereabouts, if I succeed, *Beatrice* shall give you notice.

*Y. Ger.* Do, my dear lov'd *Angelica*: Good luck attend you. [Exit *Ang.*

*Cris.* Has the Devil Lechery got Possession of my old Master's Head? I am sure he left his Breeches long ago. Let me see; he has to my knowledge been bewitch'd about some fifteen Years.

*Y. Ger.* This was the Cause I was remov'd, and sent to the University.

*Cris.* He shall quickly find we lost no time there; we have studied hard, studied Fortification, we can entrench; if he can mine, Sir, we can countermine.



*Y. Ger.* Now go, fetch the Money from my Father instantly, you shall find me hereabouts at your return. [*Ex.*]

*Cris.* Well,

Of all your Father's Follies, this is the worst.  
When old Men fall in Love, they're surely curst.



## SCENE II.

*A Hall in the Doctor's House.*

*Enter the Doctor's Wife, Angelica, and Beatrice.*

*Wife.* **I**S the Room in Order, *Beatrice*, for the Music to go on with the Entertainment?

*Bea.* Yes, Madam.

*Wife.* 'Tis very well. Go see how long it will be Dinner.

Come, my *Angelica*, be free and merry,  
Trust to thy Mother's Conduct, and her Kindness;  
Thy Father shall not sell thee while I live.  
While you remain obedient and discreet,  
It shall be all the study of my Life  
To make you happy, Child.

*Ang.* Oh my dear Mother!

Let me receive this Blessing on my Knees.

If ever I am disobedient to you,

Or e'er abuse this mighty Goodness to me,

May I become the Out-cast of your Family;

Disown'd by you, despis'd by all good Women,

And hated by young *Gerald*.



The SHAM-DOCTOR.

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*Enter Young Gerald.*

*Wife.* Here he comes.

You're welcome, Sir ; if mine is not sufficient,  
You shall have her welcome too,  
And that, I hope, will please you.

*Y. Ger.* Please me ! ay, more  
Than Wealth to Misers, Freedom to a Slave,  
Or a Reprieve to one condemn'd to die.

*Ang.* Oh, Mr. Gerald !

I have the most indulgent Mother living.  
Your Father's liberal Offers to the Doctor  
Cannot prevail on her.

*Y. Ger.* How shall I thank you, Madam, as I ought  
How pay the mighty Debt due to you both ;  
Due to your Wisdom, and her matchless Love ?  
If all the Duty, the profound Respect  
That ever pious Son paid his own Mother,  
Can merit so much Happiness, I'll deserve it ;  
The Business of my Life shall be to please her.  
My Truth, my Constancy, and perfect Love,  
No Time shall alter, nor no Chance remove.

*Wife.* Do this, my Son, and Heaven will bless you both.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Bea.* My Master, Madam, has sent word he can't be  
at home till Dinner-time, but wou'd have you go on with  
the Musick.

*Wife.* Then we'll lose no more time : come, let us seat  
ourselves ; I long to hear more.

*Here comes in the second Musical Entertainment : After  
which they rise and speak.*

*Wife.* We'll hear the rest after Dinner.

B 2

*Bea.*

*Bea.* Desire the Gentlemen all to walk in.

*Y. Ger.* I must not be seen by your Husband; therefore I'll take my leave.

*Wife.* I know it, Mr. *Gerald*. Your Servant, Sir.

*Ang.* Sir, your Servant.

*Y. Ger.* Adieu, my Life, my dear *Angelica*. [Exit.

*Wife.* Two things, and only two, *Angelica*, I always lov'd, and lov'd 'em passionately.

*Ang.* What were those, Madam?

*Wife.* My Husband, and good Musick.

*Ang.* And in that, Madam, I follow your Example.


*Wife.* Yes, Child, but take this Rule along with you; Discretion is a Woman's safest Guard. She shuns vain-glory, Malice, Strife, and Pride, When Reason and Good-nature is her Guide.



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Doctor.*

DOCTOR.

 *BEATRICE*, I say; where are you?

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Bea.* Here, Sir, here.

*Doct.* See all things are in order here in the Laboratory. Many Virtuosi will be here, to see my curious Dissection, and hear the Lecture I intend to read on a dead Body, which every Moment I expect to be sent in from the place of Execution.

*Bea.* Why do you choose this back Apartment at the end of the Garden? You us'd to do it in the great Hall formerly.

*Doct.*

*Doct.* My Wife will have it so, and that's enough; the Body may be brought in privately, at that back door, for so I order'd it: Besides, the wrangling Disputations of self-conceited, obstinate Physicians, who come to see my Operation, will at this distance less disturb the Neighbourhood; they will maintain their Notions with more Noise, than Betters in a Cock-pit.

*Bea.* 'Tis observ'd, you Doctors rarely agree in your Opinions, Sir; which makes some affirm, Physick itself is a very uncertain Science.

*Doct.* That's true; but yet the Fault's not in the Art.

*Bea.* It must be in the Professors then.

*Doct.* And so it is; but this is not your Business.

*Bea.* I only speak my simple judgment, Sir.

*Doct.* The Body will be here immediately; let 'em carry it into the Vault, 'tis cooler there: In the mean time I'll make some Visits to my Patients that are near. Ha! *Beatrice*, let me see, what have you there?

*Bea.* Where, Sir? What do you mean?

*Doct.* There, Sirrah, there. Let's see those pretty Bubbies.

*Bea.* Fie, Sir! you make me blush.

*Doct.* Faith I will see 'em; I, and feel 'em too.

*Bea.* You old Men have such odd Fancies in you.

*Doct.* I am a Cock o'th' Game, you little Rogue.

*Bea.* You strut, and crow, and clap your Wings indeed, but all to little purpose.

*Doct.* Ah, you unlucky Chit! I cou'd — I cou'd —

*Bea.* But you forget your Patients, Sir.

*Doct.* That's true indeed: Well, when I come again [*Ex.*]

*Bea.* I find all Husbands, old and young, are still for Variety, which is a certain sign of an ill Stomach: Well, if ever it be my fortune to marry one who serves me so, I'll say no more, but that which is Sauce for a Goose shall be Sauce for a Gander too.

*Enter Crispin.*

*Crispin!* What brings you hither now?

*Cris.* I have been almost half an Hour hankering about the back Door : I saw the Doctor come forth just now, and then I ventur'd to slip in.

*Bea.* Secure that Door then, while I fasten this ; we will not be surpriz'd : Now what's the Business ?

*Cris.* My Master, poor Man, 's at his Wit's end ; he walks and starts, then stops and muses, then he walks again : What Madam *Angelica* told him about his Father has distracted him. I have a Letter for her.

*Bea.* Give it me.

*Cris.* Stay, *Beatrice*, let me look on you a little : What hast thou been doing to thyself ? I never saw thee so handsome in my Life.

*Bea.* Indeed ?

*Cris.* No, indeed : thou hast stol'n some of thy Lady's Wash ; it can't be natural ; come, let me try.

*Bea.* Stand off, you Fool.

*Cris.* Now I think on't, I have not had one Kiss since I came from the University.

*Bea.* Keep your distance, you had best : I will not make you so familiar with me.

*Cris.* Say you so ? Harkee, Gentlewoman, what made you here alone with Mr. Doctor ? This Place is very private, at a convenient distance from the House too.

*Bea.* One who was hang'd this Morning is to be dissected here : I must set every thing in order for it ; the Body will be sent in presently.

*Cris.* We have prepar'd another Entertainment for your Lady. Here, let me out quickly. [Knocking.

*Doct. within.]* Open the Door.

*Bea.* What shall I do ? it is my Master.

*Cris.* Let me out, I say.

(other Door.

*Bea.* Here, come to the other Door. [Knocking at the  
*Wife within.]* Where are you, *Beatrice* ?

*Bea.* O Heaven ! 'tis my Mistress, she's at the other Door.

*Cris.* The Devil she is.

*Bea.*



*Bea.* If she were not there, I would let you down into the Vault.

*Doct. within.]* Ho, *Beatrice!* open the Door, I say.

*Cris.* What will become of me?

*Bea.* Here, here, lay yourself at length upon this Table: I'll say you are the dead Body sent from the Gallows

*Cris.* Oh *Beatrice!* ———

*Bea.* No more; do as I bid you.

*Crispin lies at his full length on the Table. Beatrice opens the Door.*

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doct.* You made me wait sufficiently. I had forgot some Medicines I prepar'd; I must go up and fetch 'em. [*Ex.*

*Bea.* Now I'll let in my Mistress.

*Enter Wife.*

*Wife.* How were you employ'd, you could open the Door no sooner?

*Bea.* I was busy in taking in this executed Body; I made all the haste I could.

*Re-enter Doctor.*

*Doct.* How now, my dearest Love, what makes you here?

*Wife.* I came to see if all things were in order as they should be.

*Doct.* 'Tis very well. Adieu, I am in haste. [*Ex. Dr.*

*Wife. Beatrice,* set all his Instruments in order: my Daughter and I will make a visit; I do not love such Sights, they make me melancholy.

*Bea.* I'll be careful in your absence. [*Ex. Wife.*  
Now, *Crispin,* is my Invention good? [*Crispin rises.*

*Cris.* You've brought me bravely off; but I'll be gone, for fear of an After-clap.

*Doct.* *within.* *Beatrice, Beatrice,* open the Door again.

[*Knocks.*]

*Bea.* 'Tis my Master; to the same Posture quickly.

*Cris.* The Devil take him.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doct.* I think I am bewitch'd to Day; I have taken the wrong Medicines. What's that there?

*Bea.* The Body from the Gallows, Sir; the Fellows that brought it would not carry it into the Vault.

*Doct.* How came they to send him with his Clothes on?

*Bea.* They'll call for 'em to Morrow.

*Doct.* 'Tis very well. Ha! the Body's warm: I have a Mind to make an Experiment immediately. Go, *Beatrice*, fetch me my Incision Knives, Amputation Knife, Dismembring Saw, with the Threads, Pins, and all the other Instruments I laid ready in my Closet.

*Bea.* But, Sir, your Patients expect you now.

*Doct.* An Hour or two hence will serve.

*Bea.* Should any of 'em die in the mean Time——

*Doct.* That's not my Fault; if any of 'em are in so much Danger, my Visit will do 'em no good now.

*Bea.* I have heard you say, Sir, a proper Dose given at a lucky Time——

*Doct.* Go, bring me only my Incision Knife; for while the natural heat remains, I shall more easily come at the Lacteal Veins, which convey the Chyle to the Heart, for Sanguification, or Encrease of Blood.

*Bea.* But, Sir, you won't begin the Anatomy before the Doctors come.

*Doct.* Fetch it, I say.

*Bea.* Well, Sir, since I must.

[*Exit.*  
*Doct.*]

*Doct.* He's not ill-shap'd, nor is he very ill-featur'd; and yet his Visage still retains much Discontent and Trouble. Well, all the Rules of Metoposcopy and Physiognomy are false, if this was not a Rogue that very well deserv'd hanging. This Incision pleases me extremely; I'll open his Belly from the *Xiphoid Cartilage*, quite along to the *Os Pubis*. I feel his Heart pant yet: If any of my fellow Physicians were here now, especially those who doubt the *Harveyan Doctrine*, I'd let 'em plainly see the Circulation of the Blood thro' the *Systole* and *Diastole*.

*Enter Surgeon.*

*Sur.* O Doctor! I am glad I have found you: My Lord is much worse since Yesterday; you must visit him immediately.

*Doct.* I'll come anon; I am very busy now.

*Sur.* My Lord's so very ill, you must go with all Speed to him.

*Doct.* Go you before, I say, and let him Blood, I'll be with him in an Hour.

*Sur.* Sure Bleeding can't be proper in his Circumstances.

*Doct.* I say, let him Blood: Sure I know what I do.

*Sur.* His Case is alter'd much, Sir, since you saw him.

*Doct.* Once more, I say, go bleed him.

*Sur.* But Sir——

*Doct.* Bleed him, I say: 'Tis fine indeed when Surgeons shall teach Physicians.

*Sur.* I will not bleed him, I am sure it will be his Death. Let who will do it for me; and so farewell. [*Exit Sur.*]

*Doct.* Farewel, Sir; if you won't, another shall.

*Enter Beatrice, who was listening.*

*Bea.* I have been looking all about, Sir, and cannot find your Incision Knife: Besides, Sir, a fine Lady call'd at

the Door just now, in a great gilt Coach, and charg'd me to send you to my Lord's immediately.

*Doct.* Ha !

*Bea.* In haste, Sir, in all haste.

*Doct.* Sayest thou ——

*Bea.* He's dying, Sir, he's dying.

*Doct.* What shou'd I go for then ? ——

*Bea.* You must go, Sir, you shall go—you are sent for.

*Doct.* The Devil's in the Wench—*She turns him round.*

*Bea.* They are in haste, in haste, Sir.

*Doct.* Well, I go then : Let the Body be carried into the Vault.

*Bea.* It shall, Sir ; but lose no more time : be gone. So, Joy go with you. [*She turns him out.*]

*Cris.* And I, without more Words, will be gone presently.

*Bea.* Whither in such Haste ?

*Cris.* Whither, with a Vengeance ! let me out, I say : you must fetch the Incision Knife, with a Pox t'ye, and all the other damnable Instruments, to rip me up alive, and make minc'd Meat of me ! Curse on his *Systole* and *Diastole*.

*Bea.* You are mistaken, *Crispin* : when I went out, I did not go to fetch the Instruments, I went to hide 'em, where I was sure he cou'd never find 'em.

*Cris.* I thought indeed, you could not have the Heart to see a Man who loves you as I do, so barbarously dismembred ; and therefore I lay still.

*Bea.* Well, stay here a while ; I'll run and give *Angela* the Letter, and return instantly.

*Cris.* I beg your Pardon, I'll stay no longer in this Room.

*Bea.* Why so ?

*Cris.* The very Thought of that damn'd Incision Knife puts me into a cold Sweat : I'll stay for you in the Street.

*Bea.* Away, you Sot.

*Cris*



*Cris.* I had rather be a Sot than an Anatomy; I will not have my Flesh scrap'd from my Bones. I will not be hung up for a Skeleton in Barber-Surgeons-Hall.

*Bea.* Stay but a little.

*Cris.* Yes, in the Street: There I shall not be in Danger of your damn'd Amputation Knife, and your dismembring Saw, with a Pox to him.

*Bea.* Alas! poor *Crispin*.

*Cris.* Fear makes me think every Thing I see an Instrument to rip me up, from the *Systole* to the *Diastole*.

*Bea.* He had a mind to be acquainted with your Inside, *Crispin*.

*Crisp.* The Devil pick his Bones for't. I shall never recover myself, till I get out of this cursed Place. [*Knocking again.*] Ah! the Spirit's come again! Open the Door. I'll rush out like a Lion.

*Bea.* Have a Care, or you'll spoil all.

*Cris.* If the Doctor catches me here, he will spoil all. Amputation and Incision will spoil all.

*Bea.* Come, lay yourself upon the Table quickly; he has no Instruments.

*Cris.* Not I; for aught I know, he may have some about him; his Pockets may be fill'd with Knives, Pins, Threads, Saws, and the Devil and all.

*Bea.* Well thought on! Here hangs my Master's Gown and Cap, you shall strait put 'em on, and tell him you are a Physician, just come from the University; and understanding a dead Body was to be dissected by him, came to hear his Lecture.

*Cris.* Where is the dead Body, fool?

*Bea.* I'll tell him, 'tis carried into the Vault, as he commanded.

*Cris.* Give me the Robes then: I'd rather act the Doctor than the dead Body. So, now I hope I need not fear his peeping into my *Os Pubis*, with a Pox to him.

[*Puts on the Gown.*

*Bea.*

*Crisp.*

*Bea.* But if he should find out your Ignorance!

*Cris.* I'll venture that; the World believes 'em, or there are many great Physicians as great Fools as my self. I have good natural Parts, *Beatrice*, if they scape but Incision and Amputation.

*Bea.* So; now I'll let him in.

*Enter a Waiting Woman.*

*Wait.* Is Mr. Doctor within?

*Bea.* No.

*Wait.* Why do you deny him to me? There he is.

*Cris.* Well, what's your Business with me, Mistress? Speak.

*Wait.* My Lady has lost her little Lap-dog, which she lov'd better than any Relation in the World. She lays the Fault on me, and grieves and takes on as if 'twere her only Child. I fear she'll grow distracted if we find it not. Now, Sir, knowing that you are not only a learned Physician, but that you understand Astrology and the like—

*Cris.* Ay, ay, I understand one, as well as the other.

*Wait.* Therefore, Sir, I bring you a Fee, and desire you to tell me some Tidings of him.

*Cris.* Have you brought the Dog's Water with you?

*Wait.* His Water? the Dog's lost, Sir.

*Cris.* Lost—why—ay, what then?

*Bea.* The Rascal stumbles confoundedly — You do not mind, Sir, the Dog is not sick, he is lost.

*Cris.* O ho — lost! how long since was he lost?

*Wait.* Two Days ago.

*Cris.* At what Hour?

*Wait.* At eleven in the Morning.

*Cris.* What Colour?

*Wait.* Black and white.

*Cris.* Enough, enough.

*Wait.*

*Wait.* Well, he's a rare Man, if he can tell me where to find the Dog. [*Aside to Bea.*]

*Bea.* Never doubt him; he will do it certainly.

*Cris.* You say 'tis two Days since?

*Wait.* Yes, Sir.

*Cris.* About eleven a-Clock?

*Wait.* Yes.

*Cris.* Black and White?

*Wait.* Very right, Sir.

[*Cris. Beatrice*, what's in that Box there in your hand?

*Bea.* Some Pills my Master gave me to lay up.

*Cris.* O ho! Some Pills. Give me the Box.

*Bea.* To what Purpose?

*Cris.* Hold your Peace. [*Aside.*] Here, take these Pills.

*Wait.* For what, an't please your Worship?

*Cris.* Your Lady's Dog is lost?

*Wait.* Yes, Sir.

*Cris.* And you would find him again?

*Wait.* With all my Heart.

*Cris.* Take these Pills then.

*Wait.* Will these Pills make me find the Dog again?

*Cris.* Yes, they will make you find him; for they're of a very searching Nature. There I was witty, *Beatrice* [*Aside.*]

*Wait.* But, Sir—

*Cris.* Go, do as I bid you.

*Wait.* Here are just five, Sir, must I take 'em all?

*Cris.* Yes, all five, and all at once.

*Wait.* There is your Fee, Sir; if these Pills help us to the Dog again, you'll have my Lady, and the whole Family for your Patients; and so your Servant, Sir. *Ex. Wait.*

*Bea.* Ha, *Crispin*! Is not this better than being a dead Body? You no sooner commenc'd Doctor, but you got a Doctor's Fee. [*She shuts the Door.*]

*Cris.* Two new Crown-pieces; 'tis a brave Trade indeed: Here a Man gets his Money easily.

*Bea.*



*Bea.* I could not choofe but fmile, to hear your Ignorance. O filly! the Dog's Water! And what wou'd you have done, but for my Box of Pills? Give Pills to find a Dog! Ha, ha, ha!

*Crif.* What would you have a Man do, who can neither write nor read? Come, let me difrobe my felf; I'll wait for you in the Street. [Knocking.]

*Bea.* Hark, fome Body knocks again.

*Crif.* O Lord! If this fhould be the Doctor.

*Bea.* There's no Remedy: You muft brazen it out.

*Enter Simon.*

*Sim.* Is Mr. Doctor within?

*Bea.* What's your Bufinefs?

*Sim.* I'd fpeak with him.

*Bea.* From whom?

*Sim.* Why from my zelf.

*Bea.* Why, do you know him, Friend?

*Sim.* I come to ask him one Queftion, and you ask me a fcore.

*Bea.* He's not at home to every body; therefore I muft know.

*Sim.* Then I neither know him, nor he me. I pray, is he at home to receive Money? I bring a Fee.

*Crif.* Who are you, Friend?

*Sim.* Why they call me at our Town, *Simon* the Infant; but my Name is *Simon Burly*.

*Crif.* Well, what's your Bufinefs? quick.

*Sim.* I am told you're an Aftrologer, as well as Doctor.

*Crif.* What then?

*Sim.* Why then, I queftion you, an't please ye, whether *Alice Draper*, a young Maid in our Town, that I love, has that love for me again as ſhe pretends to have. Becauſe there is an arch Attorney's Clerk, that is often in her Company, and I don't know ———

*Crif.*



*Cris.* Hold, what kind of Woman is she?

*Sim.* Why, she is a sprightly, clever, well built Wench, with a fine featly Face, brown Hair, and a ruddy Complexion; a good crummy Lafs, and treads well on her Pastons.

*Cris.* Sprightly, proper, well built, featly Face, brown Hair, ruddy complexion'd; a crummy Lafs, and treads well on her Pastons.

*Sim.* Ay, marry does she.

*Cris.* Here, take these Pills.

*Sim.* Pills!

*Cris.* Yes, take 'em.

*Sim.* How! Pills!

*Cris.* Yes, Pills. You must take the Number Ten, because of your great Bulk.

*Sim.* I have taken Pills to purge withal; but, Wounds, can they —

*Cris.* Go to, I say; they'll purge the Head, and clear the Understanding wonderfully. Ours is a Science you know nothing of.

*Bea.* Tell him they are Cephalick Pills. [*Bea. whispers.*]

*Cris.* Ay, ay. These are Cephalick Pills: But that is Heathen Greek to you: If you understood Latin, I could talk to the purpose to ye.

*Sim.* I am a piece of a Scollard, I must tell you. *Intellico, Domine, linguam Latinam.*

*Cris.* Poh, poh, I know that; but that's Out-landish Latin. There's several sorts of Latin: There's Law Latin, Priests Latin, and Doctors Latin; as for Example: *Ole Purgatum, Physicum, Vomitum—guts—out—um—* and so forth. Our Latin is quite another thing from School Latin.

*Sim.* I think it may be so.

*Cris.* Go, do as I bid ye.

*Sim.* I had best give you your Fee first.

*Cris.* I, I; that's well consider'd.

*Sim.*

*Sim.* Pills!

*Cris.* Ay, Pills.

*Sim.* Ten Pills.

*Cris.* Just Ten: Dispatch ——— away.

*Sim.* If these should do the Business ———

*Cris.* I understand you; I shall have more of your Custom then: Go, go, farewell——

*Sim.* These knowing Men, your Lawyers and Physicians, when they have once finger'd the Money, are so hasty to be rid of a Man, they'll not give one Word into the Bargain. Good Day to ye, Sir.

*Cris.* The like to you, Friend. *Exit Sim.*  
Two Crowns and half a Guinea got already! this is a gainful and no painful Trade.

*Bea.* Learned Mr. Doctor, I must have Snacks.

*Cris.* And so thou shalt; there's my last Fee for thee. You cannot say but I deal nobly by you.

*Bea.* Thank you; this will buy Pins.

*Cris.* Hark! *[Knocking.]*

*Bea.* There's more Fees coming.

*Cris.* My Heart misgives me. Ah, what will become of me? It is the Devil himself.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doct.* Have you done every thing as I order'd, *Beatrice*?

*Bea.* Yes, Sir, the Body's carried into the Vault. Just before you came in, this Gentleman (some Doctor, I suppose, of your Acquaintance) I presume he intends to be present at your Anatomy Lecture.

*Doct.* Sir, tho' I have not the Honour yet to know you, you are very welcome, Sir. I shall not begin my Dissection till To-morrow-morning; then if you please to honour me with your Presence, you may perhaps hear something that is curious, and out of the common Road.

*Cris.*

*Cris.* I have heard much, Sir, of your great Abilities, and shall not fail you; for your Reputation, Mr. Doctor, is a Reputation—that—as I may say—or as—in fine, Sir, I will not fail to wait on you——

*Bea.* Sir, if you please to retire out of this Room——

*Doct.* By and by—— I have not done with the Doctor yet. [*Exit Bea.*]—— Pray, Sir, let me consult with you a little, about the case of a sick Person, who is my Patient now.

*Cris.* Do me the Honour to excuse me now; I have Business of mighty Consequence, that requires my departure instantly;—but to morrow, Mr. Doctor——

*Doct.* Stay a little, I'll give you his Case in two words. You must know, my Patient, Sir, has labour'd many Months, first under a Tertian, then under a Quartan, and now 'tis turn'd to a Quotidian: The Fever we have pretty well abated, yet after all besides a great Disposition he has to Sleep, which very much fatigues him—that which he spits from him is very white—— Now, Sir, in my Judgment, that's an ill Symptom, for a *Pituita alba aqua inter cutem supervenit*, says *Hippocrates*; and this you know well enough, the Greeks call *Leucophlegmateia*:—— so then, according to *Hippocrates*, this white spitting, or *Pituita alba*, is an evident Sign that the Hydropsy, or Dropsy, will succeed. Now, Sir, what say you is the most sovereign Remedy to be given in this Case, to hinder this evil Consequence?

*Cris.* Why, Sir, I must tell you—but to what purpose? You have no need of my Opinion, you are a Man famous for Understanding——so that—and as it were—in fine, I will not speak one word more to this purpose.

*Doct.* Pray, Sir, speak freely; I shall be proud to have your Opinion in this Case.

*Cris.* No matter, Sir, for my Opinion; for tho' I know enough—and all that—yet I had rather——

*Doct.*



*Doct.* I act openly, Sir; I am not, like some Physicians that I know, so fond of my own Opinion, Sir, that rather than consult with other Doctors, they'll let a Patient die under their Hands: Therefore speak freely, I am prepar'd to give you my Attention.

*Cris.* Why then, Sir, in this sort of Malady, I do not know but that ——— or when ——— or as it may be very near this Case ——— or so, Sir ———

*Doct.* Humh ———

*Cris.* What think you of — a — dose of Pills?

*Doct.* How! Pills, Sir? that would ruin all we have done.

*Cris.* O, you mistake me, Sir; I don't advise you, Sir, to give him Pills: I only mention'd, Sir, a Dose of Pills which I had took my self this Morning, Sir, which have not yet done working, and force me to leave you something abruptly, Sir.

*Doct.* Pray let me know your Lodging e'er you go. I shall be glad of the Honour of your Acquaintance — and ———

*Cris.* I am grip'd most damnably ———

*Enter Wife, Angelica, and Beatrice.*

*Bea.* Quickly, Madam, or he'll be discover'd.

*Wife.* Enough ——— O Husband ——— Husband, come away, have a care ——— have a care ——— [*Aside to W.*

*Doct.* Of what, Wife?

*Wife.* Turn that ill-look'd Fellow out of Doors ——— away with him ——— let him not speak a word.

*Cris.* Madam ———

*Wife.* Away with him ———

*Cris.* Madam ——— Madam ———

*Wife.* Away with him, away with him, away with him ———

*Cris.*



*Crisp.* Madam——Madam——Madam——Madam——  
Madam——

*Beatrice and Angelica thrust out Crispin: He turning round, is forced quite to the Door.* [Exit.

*Wife.* Ah, dear Husband, you must excuse me for intruding so hastily——

*Doct.* What was the matter, Wife?

*Wife.* Did you know this Gentleman?

*Doct.* I suppose him to be some young callow Doctor, just wander'd from his Nest, the University.

*Wife.* No, no, he's a *High-German* Doctor——a great Necromancer, a Conjuror; one that deals in the Black Art, and raises Spirits——

*Doct.* How do you know?

*Wife.* Some of our Neighbours that saw him come in at the back Door——came privately and told me so——and bid me have a care of him——I was frighted almost out of my Wits——and shan't come to myself a good while——

*Doct.* Oh Wife, fear nothing, 'tis but silly Peoples talk.

*Wife.* Indeed I am much frighted——

*Doct.* Come, come, divert your self, and think no more on't.

*Wife.* Ay, well thought on——*Beatrice*, are the Performers ready to go on with their musical Entertainment?

*Bea.* Yes, Madam, they stay but for your coming.

*Wife.* Come then, we'll go in; Husband, you shall stay and go with me——Musick has a strange Influence over me, that will bring me to my self again.

*Doct.* I will, Wife.

*Wife.* Daughter, come you along with us.

[Exit *Doct. Wife, Ang.*

Enter

*Enter Crispin peeping in.*

*Crisp.* Beatrice, are they gone?

*Bea.* What makes you here? — I thought I had thrust you out of doors.

*Crisp.* You did so — but wondering what you all meant, I slipt in again — to listen —

*Bea.* It was my Contrivance to bring you off, you Blockhead, you had been discover'd else —

*Crisp.* This was better however, than Incision, Dissection, and Amputation: therefore now I'll be gone in earnest.

I fairly have escap'd all these Disasters,

And would not run the Risque again for twenty Masters.

*Bea.* Faint-hearted *Crispin!*

In spite of all ill Luck told in Love's Hist'ries,

I'd venture Life and Limb to serve my Mistress.

*Here comes in the third Musical Entertainment:*



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Old Gerald.*

Old G E R A L D.



I AM resolv'd to bribe *Beatrice*, and make her of my Party; she is a notable young witty Wench, and governs her young Mistress as she pleases; the Devil's in her if she's Money Proof. I see her coming forth.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Beatrice, Beatrice*, a word with you.

*Bea.* To me, Sir, do you speak?

*O. Ger.* Yes, yes, to you, my pretty, little, witty, smiling Rogue; hold up your Head, here's Money for you; ha!

*Bea.* Two Pieces of broad Gold! What is this for, Sir?

*O. Ger.* One for thy good Will, and one for thy good Word.

*Bea.* As how, Sir, I beseech you?

*O. Ger.* Promise me one thing, I will make 'em ten, make 'em ten presently; and if you succeed afterward, a hundred.

*Bea.* Ay marry, Sir, you speak now to the purpose.

*O. Ger.*

*O. Ger.* You know I have obtain'd the Doctor's Promise, to marry his Daughter, fair *Angelica*.

*Bea.* You have, Sir.

*O. Ger.* Her Mother refuses her Consent to it.

*Bea.* She does so.

*O. Ger.* Now, Child, if you could get for me the young Lady's Consent——

*Bea.* To marry, Sir?

*O. Ger.* Ay, ay, to marry her.

*Bea.* Is that all? Come, Sir, she may look further, and fare worse——

*O. Ger.* That's well said ; there's another Piece for that.

*Bea.* I thank you, Sir.

*O. Ger.* I know you rule her as you please.

*Bea.* Sometimes she hearkens to me.

*O. Ger.* Now if you will commend me to her often——

*Bea.* As how, Sir?

*O. Ger.* As thus: By telling her-how rich I am, and that I love her so, I can deny her nothing. 'Tis true, I have a Son, an only Son, but him I have remov'd on purpose to make way for her.

*Bea.* That was wisely done, Sir.

*O. Ger.* Ay, was it not? Tell her, all Happiness consists in Wealth, that she may make me settle almost all I have on her, and the Children I shall have by her?

*Bea.* And do you think you shall have Children by her?

*O. Ger.* Why not? I am hale and very lusty, *Beatrice*. Well, if thou dost this for me, besides a hundred Pounds I'll give thee on the Day I marry her, I'll get thee with Child too, give thee a good Portion, and marry thee to an honest Shop-keeper.

*Bea.* Fie, fie! you offer me too much in Conscience, Sir ; but for my young Mistress, Sir——

*O. Ger.* Ay, am I sure of thy Assistance there?

*Bea.*



*Bea.* Yes, Sir, I'll do my weak Endeavour for you ; I'll begin presently ; I'll set you forth with Commendations, Sir.

*O. Ger.* How, how, my pretty Rogue ?

*Bea.* Why thus, Sir——if I may be so bold to advise you, Madam, take Mr. *Gerald*, let him be your Husband——says she presently, Which Mr. *Gerald* meanest thou ? O, Madam, say I, the Father certainly ; the Son's a young extravagant idle Fellow ; his Father means to disinherhit him, unless he mends his Manners.

*O. Ger.* And so I do ; that of my Son was well put in. Go on.

*Bea.* O, but he's old, she cries——true, Madam, say I, but then he's rich too, very rich ; when e'er he dies, he'll leave you Wealth enough to make you a Lady.

*O. Ger.* That she may be before, if she pleases me.

*Bea.* I'll tell her so : But she may say, old Men are cross and peevish——no, say I, he's mild and humble, a fine, sweet-temper'd Gentleman, he'll doat upon you, he'll never make you jealous, he'll not run after other Women, as all young Fellows do.

*O. Ger.* That was well thought on.

*Bea.* O, Madam, you know not what a fine thing it is to be an old Man's Darling !

*O. Ger.* Good again.

*Bea.* Says she, his Teeth are naught——O, but his Breath is sweet——His Eyes, says she, are sunk——O but, says I, he sees without Spectacles——Says she, he's an old musty, fusty, stinking——

*O. Ger.* Enough, enough. When shall I see her, *Beatrice* ?

*Bea.* This very Afternoon, you cannot have a fitter Opportunity ; you know the Doctor is much abroad, my old Mistress will be absent too. If you'll be walking about four a-Clock near our Back-door, I'll let you privately

vately into the Anatomy-Room, there she shall meet you, Sir.

*O. Ger.* Hold up thy Hand, I'll make the three Broad-Pieces ten. There, will these encourage thee?

*Bea.* You are a wise Client, Sir, you will not starve a good Cause, I see.

*O. Ger.* I scorn it, *Beatrice*.

*Bea.* One thing I must advise you, Sir; be vigorous, press your Suit home to her: for I must tell you, there's a young, debauch'd, lewd Fellow, just such another as your own Son is, who haunts her every where, makes violent Love to her, watches all Opportunities to speak to her, is always making Presents, sending Letters to her: I'll watch him narrowly, I'll spoil his sport; I'll manage Mr. *Gerald's* Cause so well, if I get not my young Mistress for him, I'll forfeit my Maidenhead.

*O. Ger.* Come hither; I must kiss thee; I will kiss thee, thou art a pretty, witty, merry Rogue, and I'll—provide for thee.

*Bea.* Farewel, Sir, remember four a-Clock: if you brought some Jewels with you, Necklaces, Rings, and Bracelets, only to shew her, Sir; young Girls, you know, are mightily taken with such fine things.

*O. Ger.* I'll do't, my Girl; I'll do't. I'll home and pick out of my Cabinet the best of all my Pawns, and bring 'em to her. But first I'll be spruc'd up; I will be shav'd and wash'd, and perfum'd too; put on a clean Band, and my best Bob-wig, my new Hat, and put a clean Handkerchief in my Pocket, and then—at four a-Clock—ay, that's the Hour. [Exit.]

*Bea.* Madam, come forth—he's gone.

*Enter Angelica.*

Now, Madam, let us laugh while our Sides ake. What would this old, stinking, fumbling Fool, do with a sweet young

young Wife? When once Love gets into an old Man's Head, it teaches him as many Tricks as a dancing Dog.

*Ang.* They say he's very covetous: How did you get that Money out of him?

*Bea.* I tickled the old Trout in the right Place; see, Madam, here are the merry Spankers; I'll warrant you, I'll do his Business for him.

*Ang.* You have engag'd me, *Beatrice*; instruct me how I shall come off with him.

*Bea.* Trouble not your self about it, leave that to my Management: I must go and find young Mr. *Gerald* out, and *Crispin* too, they must help to carry on the work. You shall have nothing to do but to laugh at his Folly, and applaud our Contrivance.

*Ang.* I'll in, and expect th' Event. [*Ex. severally.*]

*Enter young Gerald and Crispin.*

*Crisp.* Well, Sir, what think you now of my Adventures?

*Y. Ger.* Why truly, they were extraordinary.

*Crisp.* A dead Man—a Doctor—an Astrologer.

*Y. Ger.* You made your way thro' many Difficulties; but for my sake, you must once more go to the Doctor's House.

*Crisp.* Who, I, Sir?

*Y. Ger.* Yes.

*Crisp.* I beg your Pardon. What, to be dissected, carv'd artificially Limb after Limb. No, Sir, I'll have no more Dissection, Amputation, nor Incision. You may go, and venture yourself, Sir, if you please.

*Y. Ger.* Should I go and be seen there by the Doctor, I ruin our Design, and lose my Mistress; he'll tell my Father that I'm in Town. You run no Hazard, for he knows not you.

*Crisp.*



*Cris.* No Hazard, call you it? I hazard my Legs, Arms, Veins, Arteries, and Muscles; and in the Doctor's Gibberish, I hazard Incision, Dissection, Amputation, and Circulation, thro' the Systole and Diastole. Why, Sir, in such a Case, a Physician cuts up a Man with as little Remorse, as a Hangman carves a Traitor.

*Y. Ger.* For all that, you must venture your precious self once more. When I get my Mistress, I'll make thee ample Satisfaction.

*Cris.* Well, if I must, I must. I saw a Physician's Gown and Cap hang up at a Broker's Shop hard by, to be sold by 'em, hire 'em for me: I had rather appear before him in the Shape of a Doctor, than a dead Man. That Habit, Pills, and Impudence brought me off then I'll think of some other Remedy now.

*Y. G.* While I secure the Habit, step to my Father's, and secure the Money.

*Cris.* I will; but first, Sir, tell me what is *Latin* for I am a Doctor.

*Y. G. Medicus sum.*

*Cris. Medicus sum, Medicus sum.*

*Y. G.* You have it right.

*Cris.* Very well, *Medicus sum.* Go about your Business, I'll about mine. *Medicus sum, Medicus sum.* [*Ex. Y. G.* Well, 'tis a fine thing to understand *Latin*; I must be sure not to forget *Medicus sum.* Now I'll to the old Man. Ho! talk of the Devil, and his Horns appear.

*Enter old Gerald and Martin.*

*O. G. O Crispin,* where's your Master? tell me true.

*Cris.* Where should he be? at the University.

*O. G.* Ay, he should be at the University — but where is he, ha?

*Cris.* I warrant in his Chamber, hard at study: or else in the Schools chopping Logic. Please you to give me the



the Money, Sir, that I may return to him with Speed.

Mar. Give you the Money? ha, ha, ha.

Crif. What do you sneer at, ha?

Mar. Money! who's the Fool then?

Crif. Meddle with your own Business, Sirrah, or I'll give you a Douce o' the Chaps——

O. G. Be quiet, Knave.

Crif. A Jack—an—Apes——to interrupt me——

O. G. Have done, I say——how does your Master spend his Time there?

Crif. He studies all the Morning; after Dinner studies again; after Supper he walks out and talks with the Students, and then they jabber *Latin* like the Devil. The best on't, Sir, they'll dispute and wangle so long till they are almost choak'd with hard Words. Then they go very lovingly together, and drink a chirping Cup, or two, and then to their Chambers in good Time.

O. G. 'Tis very well: But several of my Acquaintance tell me they have seen him here, here in this Town.

Crif. O abominable!

O. G. Sirrah, confess the Truth; is he in Town?

Crif. *Medicus sum*——he is not here indeed, Sir.

O. G. Deny it not; I know it.

Crif. He is not here indeed, Sir.

Mar. He equivocates here——here! no, he is not here.

O. G. But, Slave, he is in Town.

Crif. No.

O. G. I lye then, do I?

Crif. *Medicus sum*.

O. G. What's that you mutter, Rascal?

Crif. A Word I learn'd at the University. *Medicus sum*; that is, I am a Doctor.

Mar. Yes, of the lying Faculty.

Crif. Sirrah, if I had you in another Place, I would——

Mar. What would you do?

*Cris.* I would dissect you, Rascal, run my Fist thro' your Systole and Diastole.

*O. G.* What Gibberish is this?

*Mar.* You Thin-Gut.

*Cris.* Yes, Impudence; if I had you under my Clutches, I would make you feel Dissection, Incision, Amputation, ay, and Circulation too.

*Mar.* Come and you dare, let's see what you can do.

*O. G.* Saucy Knaves, forbear.

*They offer to fight, O. G. holds his Cane betwixt 'em.*

*Cris.* Sirrah, I'll rip up your Belly, from the Cartilage Ziphode, to the Os Pubis, you Dog.

*O. G.* The Fellow's mad——be quiet, or I'll cudgel both of you. Well, *Crispin*, since your Master's not in Town, return you to the University, tell him, next Week I'll send the Money to him by the Carrier.

*Cris.* But, Sir——

*O. G.* One Word more, and my Cane shall fly about your Ears.

*Cris.* Well, I know what I know.

*O. G.* What do you know?

*Cris.* That I'll be reveng'd of that audacious Villain.

*O. G.* For what, you Rascal?

*Cris.* Pray, Sir, what will you beat me for?

*O. G.* For a lying Rogue.

*Cris.* And I would maul him, because he's a *Fac-totum*, and sets you against my young Master and me.

*O. G.* Sirrah, Sirrah, I could find in my Heart——

*Cris.* Ay, strike if you think good.

*O. G.* Say you so? there's for you then.

[*Ger. strikes at Cris. he ducks: Ger. misses his Blow, and falls: Cris. gives Mar. a Cuff and a Trip, throws him down, and runs off saying, Medicus sum.*

*Mar.* Son of a Whore, he has lam'd me.

*O. G.* Help me up, good *Martin*.

*Mar.* Oh! oh! I want Help myself, Sir. The Rogue has broke my Crupper.

*O. G.*

# The SHAM-DOCTOR.

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O. G. The Villain has rumbled my clean Band too.

Mar. If ever I light on him——

O. G. Be patient, *Martin*.

Mar. I must, whether I will or no.

O. G. Go home, *Martin*, I have Business another Way. [Exeunt.

Enter Young Gerald and Crispin; Ger. helping Crisf. to put on his Gown.

Y. G. So, now your Worship's fitted:

Crisf. Then you met, *Beatrice*, Sir.

Y. G. I did; there's Work enough cut out for you; rub up your Memory, you'll have Occasion to make Use of all the Jargon you can think on.

Crisf. Those damn'd heathenish Names will never out of my Memory.

Y. G. I see my Father coming; he's running like a Wood-cock into the Snare.

Crisf. I care not if he meet me now; I'll outface him:

*Medicus sum, non sum Dogus, non sum Rogus, Medicus sum:*

Y. G. Come this Way, that I may inform you fully of our Design: the time is short.

Crisf. Hold, Sir, degrade me not, the Gown must have Precedency, and take the upper Hand too. [Exeunt.

Enter Old Gerald.

O. G. This is the Hour, 'tis just Four by my Watch; if *Beatrice* prevails, I am made for ever.

Enter *Beatrice*.

Bea. O, Sir, are you come? I have been peeping for you at the Window a whole half Hour.

O. G. Is the Coast clear? Where's my *Angelica*?

Bea. No Questions, but come in:

[Exeunt.

C 3

Enter



*Enter young Gerald and Crispin.*

*Y. G.* So, so, he's caught, run to the fore Door, when you hear me thunder at this——

*Crisp.* I'll beat an Alarm at that—I have my Cue. [*Ex.*]

*Enter Old Gerald and Beatrice.*

*Bea.* I chose this Room on purpose for your meeting. Here are two Doors you see ; if my Master or Mistress come to one, I can slip you out at the other.

*O. G.* 'Twas wisely done.

*Bea.* I see her coming ; make good use of your time.

*O. G.* I warrant you. I have brought something to shew her, will sparkle like her Eyes.

*Enter Angelica. The Door claps after her.*

*Ang.* O *Beatrice* ! What shall we do ? The Door unluckily is lock'd, the Key is on the other Side too.

*Bea.* That's the mischief of all Spring-Locks : There's no Remedy now. Look here, Madam, here's Mr. *Gerald* come to kiss your Hands.

*O. G.* With your Favour, Madam—— [*Salutes her.*]

*Ang.* I vow I am asham'd to see you, Sir.

*O. G.* Young Maids, I know, are bashful ; but when you are married, a loving Husband will teach you Confidence.

*Ang.* O *Beatrice* ! if my Mother should find me here--

*Bea.* Fear nothing, Madam ; this Door is fast ; I'll lock the fore Door presently.

*Ang.* Well, Mr. *Gerald*, you see my Maid has prevail'd with me : She gives you great Commendations too.

*O. G.*



O. G. Ay, my Sweet ; I'll make 'em all good, I warrant you.

Ang. I am young, and some say I am handsome too ; I doubt not you'll love me : But, Mr. Gerald, what Reason is there for me to love a Man in Years, as you are ?

O. G. I have many Reasons for your Ear, more for your Eyes. Look hear my Queen, look here my *Cleopatra* : Here's a Necklace of Pearl worth about Five Hundred Pounds ; it will become that soft white Neck most rarely. Then here's a Set of Bodkins for your Hair, cost fourscore Pounds : Ah, how they sparkle like your pretty Eyes ! Then here's a Crochet of Diamonds cost Three Hundred ; an Ambresie worth above Four Hundred more. How like an Angel you will look, when this is set under those white panting Bubbies !

Ang. Indeed they're very fine, and very large.

O. G. Here are two Diamond Rings, one with three Stones besides the Sparks, and this has five : One cost fifty Pounds, the other above fourscore. Then here are Diamond Bracelets for your Arms. But here, my Jewel, here's the Rarity, the Phoenix of all. This Ring here with one Stone, 'tis a Diamond of the old first Water : I have refus'd, my Child, above four hundred Pounds for this one single Stone.

Ang. 'Tis beautiful indeed !

Bea. Did not I tell you, Madam —

O. G. And then for Plate, old, and new-fashion'd too, plain, gilt, and wrought ; I have a Cedar Chest full.

Bea. What young Man could make you such fine Presents ?

O. G. All, all shall be yours, my little Mouse, my Pigeon.

[Knocking.]

Ang. O Heaven ! some Body knocks.

*Bea.* I'll peep through the Key-hole. O Madam, 'tis my Master and my Mistress.

O. G. Let me out at this Door quickly.

*Bea.* Ah, the Key's broke in the Lock ! undone, undone for ever.

*Ang.* I am ruin'd if my Mother finds me here.

*Bea.* Ah, Madam ! what will become of me ?

*Ang.* For Heaven's sake hide your self ; do, Mr. Gerald, I'll love you dearly for it.

O. G. How ? Where ? I'll do any thing my Dear will have me.

*Bea.* Here's the Coffin the dead Body was sent in from the Gallows, you may hide your self in that.

*Ang.* Ay, do, Mr. Gerald, do.

O. G. How ! Coffin me before I am dead ! I beg your Pardon ; I can't endure the Thought on't.

*Bea.* Then strip your self to your Waistcoat, and your Drawers, and lie at your Length here on this Table ; I'll tell my Master you're the dead Body sent in to be dissected.

*Ang.* Quickly, Mr. Gerald ; if you love me, deny me not.

[Knocking all this while.]

O. G. Come then, I'll do any thing my Dear commands me.

*Ang.* Hark, how they knock ! I fear they'll break the Door down.

*Within.* Ho ! Beatrice, Beatrice.

*Bea.* Make haste, or we're undone. [They strip him.]

*Within.* Open the Door. Why Beatrice, where are you ?

*Bea.* So, so ; whate'er they say or do, be sure you stir not for your Life.

O. G. Where will you hide my Clothes ?

*Bea.* Here, here, I'll put them and my young Mistress into the Coffin. [Knock again.] I am coming presently.

O. Ger.

O. G. So, so; I am dead as a Herring.

Bea. Whatever happens, Sir, be not afraid. Come in.

*Enter Cris. like a Doctor; Y. Ger. disguis'd like his Man.*

I thought I heard my Master and my Mistress.

*Cris.* They come here presently; but where, where be the dead Carcass for Dissection?

*Bea.* Here, Sir.

*Cris.* Ver good — Mr. Doctor send me to begin de manuel operation upon the Exterior, an den he will come hear me read upon de Interior.

*Bea.* Are you the German Doctor, that was here this Morning with my Master?

*Cris.* Yes, de ver same; me am de German Doctor de Medecine, de Physicien, de Operateur, de Anatomist, de Chymist, de —

*Bea.* Very well, Sir, have you any Service for me?

*Cris.* Stay one little time. Dis be de Body, let me make de observation of the Visage — Here be de ver ill aspect — dis was one Person of de fair Speech, but de fals Heart; covetous, designing, letcherous; a Robber, a Thief, a Cut-throat — Sacrament! hanging was too good for him, a Rogue, a Villain — Ah! vat Pleasure will dis be, to make de Dissection, de Incision, and de Amputation, upon dis Body, and rip open his Belly from de Cartilage Ziphode, quite along to his Os Pubis. Ah! vat be dis? his Heart pant still — dis was the stubborn old Thief; was but Mr. Doctor here just a now, I would shew him de Circulation of de Blood thro' de Systole and Diastole. Come, I'll begin de Dissection while de Body be warm.

*Bea.* What, before my Master comes?



*Cris.* Yes indeed, dis be only de manuel Operation; me vil read de Lecture ven he be here. Vare be my Man? vare be de Instruments?

*Y. G.* Here, Sir, here.

*Bea.* Bless me! what's that great Knife for?

*Cris.* Dis be to cut de Throat, from Jugular to Jugular; as thus.

*Bea.* Hold, Sir, I beseech you. Fear nothing, Mr. Gerald. [Aside,

*Cris.* You shall see presently.

*Bea.* 'Tis just like one of our Butchers Knives. And then what is that Ax for?

*Cris.* Dis be de Decollation Ax, to cut off the Head at one Chop; as thus——

*Bea.* Not yet, Sir. What's that there like a Wimble?

*Cris.* Dat be to bore a Hole in de Scull; when any Part of de Scull be broke, and depress'd upon the Brain, with dis we bore a Hole hard by de fracture, as you shall see just a-now.

*Bea.* No, Sir, not now; I'll see't anon.

*Cris.* Den we put in de proper Instrument, and raise de Depressure up to de proper Place, and so make de Cure.

*Bea.* But what is this terrible Saw for?

*Cris.* Dat be the dismembring Saw, to saw off de Leg, or de Arm: You see me presentale saw off de Bone of dis Leg, and ——

*Bea.* Stay, Sir; What's that sharp crooked Knife for?

*Cris.* Dis be de Amputation Knife, to cut off de Leg or de Hand, just a in de Joint. Ha! where be de Leg and de Arm? ——

*Crispin draws one Leg from the other, and one Arm from his Body, and Gerald draws 'em close to him again.*

*Cris.*



*Cris.* De Devil ! me lay one Arm here, and one Leg here, to saw off just in the Middle, and cut off just in de Joint, for the fine Experiment ; and de Arm and de Leg be gone home to de Body.

*Enter two Men.*

*1 Man.* Mr. Doctor, we come for the Coffin we brought the dead Body in.

*Cris.* Dere be de Coffin ; be gone, and give me no Interruption ; now I open all the Breast.

*[Crispin tears open his Wastecoat.*

So, now the Instrument, dis *[The Men carry off the Coffin.* Knife, I will in one Moment cut de Breast-Bone from de Ribs, and lay all open, dat you shall see how de Heart, de Lungs, de Liver, lie in dair Place proper, and order natural. O de Devil, agen ! de Body shrink ! de Leg move ; and de Arm too : vat strange Carcass have you in dis Country ?

*Bea.* Oh ! Sir, I have seen whole Bodies, after they have lain here a Day or two, get up, and run away.

*O. Ger.* And so will I : I'll not stay to be butcher'd here.

*[He leaps off the Table.*

*Cris. and Bea.* Ah, ah, ah.

*O. Ger.* Lose my Clothes, my Life, and Jewels all at once ! Your Servant, Mr. Doctor.

*Cris.* Stop Thief, stop Thief.

*[As Old Gerald is running out, and Crispin after him, the Doctor and his Wife enter : Old Gerald runs against the Doctor, beats the Doctor and his Wife down, and Exit.*

*Doct.* O, murder, murder !

*Wife.* Ay, murder, murder !

*Enter Simon and Waiting Woman.*

*Sim.* Wounds! where's this Dog of a Doctor? I'll knock the old Cheat's Brains out.

*Wait.* And if I can reach him, I'll claw his Eyes out.

*Doct.* O! I am bruise'd all over.

*Wife.* And I am lam'd too.

*Wait.* O, are you there?

*Sim.* Wounds, Doctor, you have scour'd my Guts out, with a Murrain to ye ———

*Wait.* And I can hardly draw my Legs after me, for your Physick. But I'll claw you for't.

*Wife.* Hold, Mistress, or I shall pluck a Crow with you.

*Doct.* Be patient, Wife ——— You are both mad, I never saw either of you before.

*Sim.* O damn'd lying Doctor! did not you give me Pills, and I gave you a whole half Guinea?

*Wait.* And had not I some of your rot-gut Pills too, and gave you two new Crown-pieces?

*Doct.* You rave both, and must be sent to *Bedlam*.

*Sim.* 'Sbud I'll have my Money again ———

*Wait.* And so will I ——— or tear his Eyes out ———

*Cris.* Hold, Friends; pray moderate your Angers, and don't affront a Person of our Faculty.

*Sim.* Ah, ha! I was mistaken; this is the Doctor ———

*Wait.* Ay, this is he that gave us the Pills ——— I beg your Pardon, Sir.

*Cris.* *Beatrice*, you must refund.

*Bea.* There ———

*Cris.* Look you, Friends, 'twas a Mistake. There's your half Guinea, and your Crown-pieces too.

*Sim.* O pox! this is something.

[*Ex. Sim. and Wait.*]

*Doct.* What is the meaning of all this?

*Wife.*

*Wife.* Beatrice, what is the matter here?

*Doct.* What strange Out-cry was that we heard?

*Wife.* Ay, and who threw us down?

*Doct.* And what strange thing was that that run over us?

*Bea.* Why, Sir, as I was shewing Mr. Doctor here the dead Body that was sent you from the Gallows, he felt his Pulse, and laying his Hand on his Breast, he found his Heart panted: Then he took his Incision-knife, and before he could touch his naked Skin, up started the dead Body and ran away, just as you saw —

*Cris.* All this is true, Sir, as I am a Member of the learned Faculty.

*Doct.* I am amaz'd!

*Wife.* Nay, Husband, I have heard of such strange things: I warrant the poor Man was hang'd wrongfully.

*Enter Old Gerald hastily.*

*O. Ger.* O undone! undone!

*Wife.* and *Bea.* Ah, ah, ah!

*Wife.* He's come again, Husband, ha!

*Doct.* In the Name of Goodness, what art thou?

*O. Ger.* Undone, I say, undone.

*Doct.* Art thou a Spirit? or Flesh and Blood? answer.

*O. Ger.* Give me my Clothes, my Jewels, Hufwife —

*Bea.* Avant, avant!

*O. Ger.* Where are they? Gipsy, speak.

*Bea.* In the Coffin, in the Coffin.

*O. Ger.* I overtook the Coffin, and there's none of 'em! Where are they, and the Jilt too your young Mistress?

*Doct.* Sure 'tis our Neighbour, Mr. Gerald.

*O. Ger.* I am the same.

*Wife.* You tell me Wonders, *Crispin.*

*Cris.* Step to your Daughter's Chamber, Madam, there the Riddle will be easily unfolded. *[Exit Wife.]*

*Doct.*

*Doct.* What is the matter, Sir? why in this Posture? and why this Out-cry too?

*O. Ger.* That Baggage there, and the young Witch your Daughter, have contriv'd to abuse and cheat me of two thousand pounds worth of Jewels that were pawn'd to me.

*Doct.* Here they come then, who must give you satisfaction.

*Enter Wife and Young Gerald, leading in Angelica, dress'd in the Jewels.*

*O. Ger.* How! my Son here!

*Y. Ger.* Yes, Sir, and my Wife.

*Wife.* I found 'em shut up together in my Daughter's Chamber.

*Doct.* Married, say you?

*Y. Ger.* Yes, Sir, contracted long since; and now confirm'd in private, as far as Modesty would permit.

*O. Ger.* And married too! then all is at an end.

*Y. Ger.* Here are your Clothes, Sir; Doctor *Crispin* can tell you how I came by 'em.

*Doct. Crispin!*

*O. Ger.* My Rogue!

*Crisp.* *Non Rogus, Medicus sum;* that is, I am a German, or a Polish Doctor.

*Y. Ger.* The Jewels, Sir, so well become my Wife, I think you cannot in conscience demand 'em back.

*Ang.* They were his own free Gift; he scorns to take what he has given me.

*Wife.* Well, I am glad the Son has married my Daughter, and wish Joy to you both.

*Doct.* Bless you together. Come, Brother *Gerald*, 'tis your Son's Wedding Night; you must forgive 'em, and be sociable: Let me prevail with you to give Order for a good Supper, and we'll be very merry, Brother.

*O. Ger.*



## The SHAM-DOCTOR.

63

*O. Ger.* I had as good, I shall be laugh'd at else. [*Aside.*  
Sirrah, here has been fine Practice, and my Son's Marriage was your Contrivance.

*Cris.* I do confess it, Sir, and glory in the Success.

*Doct.* Come then, sit down, and listen to the Musick, and after Supper we'll hear at large the Adventures of Doctor Crispin in this Affair.

*Cris.* Beatrice and I will tell you the whole Story, And as we snack'd the Fees, we'll share the Glory.

*The Fourth and last Musical Entertainment. After that, the Curtain falls.*

F I N I S.



On the 1st of good I shall be ready to see the [unclear]  
 Smith, here has been for [unclear], and my son's [unclear]  
 age was [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
 City I do [unclear] in [unclear] and [unclear] in the [unclear]  
 Doc. Come then, the [unclear] and [unclear] to the [unclear]  
 and after supper we'll hear as large the [unclear] of  
 Doctor [unclear] in this [unclear]  
 City [unclear] and [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
 And at one [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
 The [unclear] and [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
 that, the [unclear] [unclear]



F I W I S



*Part of the preceding*  
THE

# LOVES

OF

MARS and VENUS;

A PLAY set to MUSICK.

---

Written by Mr. MOTTEUX.

---

*Fabula narratur toto notissima Cælo. OVID.*

---



---

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. FEALES, at *Rowe's Head*, against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*; R. WELLINGTON, at the *Dolphin and Crown*, and C. CORBETT, at *Addison's Head*, both without *Temple-Bar*; J. BRINDLEY, at the *King's Arms* in *New Bond-street*; A. BETTESWORTH, and F. CLAY, in Trust for B. WELLINGTON,

---

MDCCXXXV.



THE  
LOVES  
OF



Written by Mr. Mortimer.

Printed by the University Press, Oxford.



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Mortimer, in the Strand, & A. B. Lister,  
at the entrance of the Strand, & H. W. Lister.

MDCCLXXXV.



To the Honourable  
**Colonel Codrington.**

**S I R,**



Cannot more effectually enforce the Moral of this Piece, which exposes the Frailty of a Warrior, than by prefixing to it the Name of one who with the Bravery and Gallantry of *Mars* has no allay of his Vices: And as among the few living Exemplars of such un sullied Virtue I know none more universally, nor more justly allow'd than your self, I must appeal from

68 *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

from your Sentence to all the World, should your favourite Modesty bias you to condemn the Necessity of this Address. While so many of our Youth are neglectful of their Ancestors Glory and their own, and indeed of every thing but Effeminacy or Libertinism, 'tis fit we shou'd set before their Eyes not only the Deformities with which they are familiar, but the Beauties to which they are Strangers, that they may at once be sham'd into a Loathing of the one, and charm'd into an Admiration of the other. This wou'd require a Panegyrick rather than an Epistle, if studied Ornaments, often injurious to prevailing Charms, were not as prejudicial to convincing Truth, which is most engaging in its innocent Nakedness, at which it needs not blush, since it never fell, like Man. To those that know you, your Name alone will imply more than the best Oratory could display, and even an imperfect Account of your Excellencies will seem almost incredible

*The Epistle Dedicatory.* 69

credible to others. You set out so soon and so vigorously for the Race of Glory, that in your early Morn we see you gain the Prize. Thus even at those Years when others of your Birth and Fortune made no other use of the Opportunities they had to improve their Minds but to impair 'em, the general ill Example could not affect you, unless it were with Compassion; you despis'd their false Pleasures for the chaste Love of that *Celestial*, that *Alma Venus* of your own *Lucretius*, and that sublime Truth of your admir'd *Malebranche*. You even then reap'd the Muses Laurels, as now you do those of *Mars*, while your brave Father in the New World was gaining a Name that spreads over the Old, as yours now flies from the one to the other. The World with Amazement saw you arise in full Glory, and reconcile Qualities thought almost incompatible; at once a nice and impartial Critic, yet a polite and excellent Master of Fancy; a Man of Wit and

Con-



70 *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

Conversation, yet a Respector of sacred things; a Courtier, yet the best of Friends; a forward Soldier, yet a good Officer; and in short, a profound Scholar, yet a fine Gentleman. Such partly *Cæsar* was; thus he exerted the Writer and the Hero; but with this difference, he sought to enslave his Country, you to free yours; and 'twas but just that as your Studies have advanc'd you to an honourable Post among the Learned, so your Courage shou'd give you one among the Brave, that you might be at once a singular Honour to either Station; the more, as you seek no other Benefit from both, but that of doing the more good to Men of both Professions. For, far from being like those whose Pleasures engross their Youth and Wealth, you cannot be happy with yours, unless it makes others so; and I could instance some whose needy Modesty has found it self unexpectedly reliev'd by you, without being expos'd to any other Blushes than what so surprizing a Generosity

*The Epistle Dedicatory.* 71

rosity could raise. I know, Sir, you wou'd have your Bounty conceal'd; but pardon me if I say, 'tis too often imploy'd, not to be discover'd; besides, it acts in so obliging a manner, that 'tis a pain to a grateful Spirit to conceal it; insomuch that he foregoes the Pride which waited on his Want, to own Favours that humble him, if it can humble a Man to be reliev'd by you: For my part, I am so far from thinking that possible, that I have long been ambitious of having this Opportunity of owning my self,

*S I R,*

*Your most devoted,*

*most Obedient, and*

*most Obliged Servant,*

*P. MOTTEUX.*

*P R E-*



# P R E F A C E.

**T** HIS Musical Play or Masque was written to be inserted into a very short Farce, written by Mr. Ravenscroft, called, The Anatomist, or the Sham-Doctor ; without any other Expectation than that of being serviceable to my Friend. For I am too well acquainted with that Way of Writing, and my own Incapacity, to aim at Reputation by it. The Rhymer here must sacrifice that to the Musician, or rather to the Audience's Ear, if there be any Reputation to be challeng'd from Trifles of this Nature. I chose a Subject never manag'd in a Dramatick Way before ; tho' gallantly handled by Ovid, from whom I borrow'd it, as I have a couple of Songs from myself, formerly inserted elsewhere. I was prevailed with to bring in a Song and Dance of the Cyclopes, tho' I knew there is one in Psyche, borrowed almost verbatim from Moliere's, as he borrow'd his from an old Italian Opera called Le Nozze



# PREFACE. 73

Nozze de gli Dei; but mine is wholly different, which was more difficult than to have invented another. Whatever the Critics may think of the Lines, if any will honour them so far as to find Fault with 'em, I dare assure, from the little Judgment I have, and much more from the general Approbation of the best Judges, there has not been more agreeable, nor more masterly Musick perform'd upon our Stage. The two great Composers having, as it were, nobly strove to outdo one another, and thus excell'd even themselves.

By reason of the Symphonies and Repetitions some Lines are left out in the Singing, which may easily be known by the Marks prefix'd, and past over, when the Musick is performing.







## Dramatis Personæ.

### In the INTRODUCTION OR PROLOGUE

<i>Erato</i> , the Muse that presides over Love Songs, &c.	}	Mrs. Hodgson.
<i>Thalia</i> , the Muse that presides over Comic Sports,		Mrs. Perrin.
<i>Terpsichore</i> , the Muse that presides over Dancing, &c.	}	Mrs. Ayliffe.
Chorus of Singers and Dancers, their Followers.		

### In the P L A Y.

<i>Mars</i> ,		Mr. Bowman.
<i>Vulcan</i> ,		Mr. Reading.
<i>Gallus</i> ( <i>Mars's</i> Pimp, design'd for Mr. Dogget)	}	Mr. Lee.
<i>Cupid</i> ,		Jemmy Laroche.
<i>Brontes</i> ,	}	Cyclopes.
<i>Arges</i> ,		
<i>Steropes</i> ,		
<i>Pyrachmon</i> ,		
<i>Fear</i> ,	}	<i>Mars's</i> Attendants.
<i>Anger</i> ,		
<i>Noise</i> ,		
Chorus of <i>Cupids</i> .		
Chorus of Warriors, some of 'em Dancers.		
<i>Jupiter</i> .		
<i>Momus</i> (with other Gods, only seen)		Mr. Sherburn.
<i>Venus</i> ,		Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Aglaia</i> , one of the Graces,		Mrs. Hodgson.
<i>Euphrosyne</i> , another of the Graces,		Mrs. Ayliff.
<i>Hora</i> , one of the Hours that wait on <i>Venus</i> ,	}	Mrs. Perrin.
<i>Juno</i> (with other Goddesses, only seen)		
Four of the Cyclopes Wives that dance.		
<i>Jealousy</i> ,		Mrs. Hudson.



# PROLOGUE; OR, INTRODUCTION:

Set to Musick by Mr. Finger.

*Perform'd after the Prologue that is spoken.*

*The Overture : A Symphony of Trumpets,  
Kettle-Drums, Violins and Hautboys.*

SCENE, *the New Theatre.*

*Erato, Thalia, and Terpsichore, with their Attendants  
on both Sides of the Stage, are discover'd*

*Accompaniments of Instruments.*

ERATO.



COME, all with moving Songs prepare  
To charm the Witty and the Fair:  
Ye Trumpets, softly breathe or cease:  
Love may in Britain raise a War,  
But 'twill be sweeter far than Peace.

*Chorus repeats the foregoing Stanza.*

*One of Erato's Followers.*

## I.

Love alone can here alarm us,  
 And he only strikes to charm us.  
 Gazing, liking, and admiring,  
 Firing, panting, and desiring,  
 Fearing, daring, trying, flying,  
 Feigning, pressing, faint denying,  
 Still reviving fierce Delights ;  
 This is Love, and these his Fights.

*Ritornel of Flutes.*

## II.

Eager Kisses,  
 Fiery Glances,  
 Balmy Blisses,  
 Melting Trances,  
 Kind Complying,  
 Kinder Dying,  
 Happier Days and happier Nights,  
 Still reviving fierce Delights ;  
 This is Love, and these his Fights.

*Ritornel of Violins.**Two others.*

Love, like War, has noble Cares ;  
 War sheds Blood, and Love sheds Tears.  
 War has Swords, and Love has Darts ;  
 War takes Towns, and Love takes Hearts,  
 Love, like War, the Bold requires :  
 Love, like War, has Flames and Fires.

Love,

*Loves of MARS and VENUS.* 77

Love, like War, does Art admit ;

Love, like War, for Youth is fit.

*Ritornel of Violins.*

*Erato.*

Scorn, tho' Beauty frown, to tremble.

Lovers, boldly urge your Flame :

For a Woman will dissemble,

Loves the Joy, but hates the Name :

Her refusing, your pursuing,

Yield alike a pleasing Pain ;

Ever curing and renewing,

Soon appeas'd, to rage again.

II.

• If the Soldier storms and rages,

• Face him with a lovely Maid,

• This his Fury soon asswages,

• And the Devil soon is laid.

• He ne'er conquers but by Toiling,

• But the Fair subdues with Ease :

• Blood he sheds with Hatred boiling,

• But the Fair can kill and please.

*Ritornel.*

*Thalia.*

To double the Sports to *Thalia* belongs ;

I'll join comic Scenes to your amorous Songs :

To heighten Life's Pleasures, to soften its Cares,

No Charm like a Face, no Physician like Play'rs.

*Ritornel.*



78 INTRODUCTION to the, &c.

*Terpsichore.*

To treble the Pleasures,  
With regular Measures,  
My Train shall advance :  
Some join in a Chorus ;  
While gayly before us  
Some join in a Dance.

*Ritornel.*

*Grand Chorus.*

Let Scenes of Mirth and Love,  
With Songs and Dances joining,  
The fleeting Hours improve,  
And banish dull repining.  
He who those Joys refuses,  
When kindly they invite,  
The End of Living loses ;  
Life's Business is Delight.

[*Exeunt.*

*While the grand Chorus is performing, there is an Entry of Dancing-Masters, teaching their Scholars, and making Love to 'em ; and a Harlequin mimicking 'em with a She-Harlequin, which expresses the Business of the Prologue.*



The



The L O V E S of  
*MARS* and *VENUS*.



A C T I.

Set to Musick by Mr. *John Eccles*.

S C E N E *A Palace.*

Overture. *Violins and Hautboys.*

*Enter Aglaia and Euphrosyne.*



O meet her *Mars*, the Queen of Love  
Comes here adorn'd with all her Charms.  
The Warrior best the Fair can move,  
And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms.  
*Symphony of Flutes.*

*Enter Venus improving her Dress; attended by Hora, the  
Graces, and others.*

Say, ye Graces, am I now  
Fit to make Immortals bow ?

D 4

Are

Are my Dress, my Face, and Air,  
 Fit to charm the God of War?  
 Say, ye Graces, am I now  
 Fit to make Immortals bow?

*Hera.* You've been scarce five Hours a dressing,  
 Yet you're charming past expressing.

*Venus.* Let me see once more the Glass.

So! — I fancy it may pass.

*She looks a while in the Glass, while a Ritornel is plaid.*

*Euphrosyne and Aglaia.*

• Women seldom like their Faces,  
 • Tho' they long consult the Glass:  
 • But if you dare trust the Graces,  
 • You now ev'n your self surpass.  
 • And when Beauty's self engages,  
 • Arm'd with such a Dress and Air,  
 • She may conquer rigid Sages,  
 • And even the rough God of War.

*Venus.* How slow the warlike God I find!  
 On Love's expanded Wings expecting Lovers move,  
 But slow as palsy'd Age expected Lovers prove;  
 Love flags, and leaves the heavy Mass behind.

Fly, ye Hours; haste, bring him here,  
 Swift as my fond Wishes are,  
 When we love, and love to Rage,  
 Ev'ry Moment is an Age.

*Enter Cupid to the same Tune, and smiling.*

But when blest with what we love,  
 Ages but a Moment prove.

Beauty's

MARS and VENUS.

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Beauty's Goddess, cease to mourn;

Soon to your Arms,

From War's Alarms,

Your Lover will return.

Your Grief will then be lost in Kisses,

Melting Bliss;

You will gaze, and laugh, and toy :

As gloomy Night

Adds Charms to Light,

So Absence to our Joy.

*Ritornel.*

*Venus.* Will my Soldier then be here?

Where was he? come, tell, my Dear.

[Chucks Cupid under the Chin.

*Cupid.* The rough Warrior rovd a while

In the lovely *British* Isle.

Had I not his Flame renew'd,

He cou'd scarce have now been here :

For such Beauties there I view'd,

As might ev'n with you compare.

*Venus.* Tell me, gentle *Cupid*, how

In that Isle I'm worship'd now?

*Cupid.* There the kindest Husbands are,

And the kindest-hearted Fair.

Each in *Hymen's* Bonds is free ;

And when Wives with Lovers go,

Cuckolds, not to disagree,

Thank the Men who make 'em so.

*Ritornel.*

Others, fond of roving Lives,

Love all Women but their Wives.



## The LOVES of

Painted Beauties there abound ;  
 Nay, some Men are painted too :  
 Crowds are in all Temples found,  
 But come most to worship you.

*Venus.* Happy Isle ! and happier far,  
 If thou knew'st no other War !

*Venus's Attendants repeat this Distich.*

Happy Isle ! and happier far,  
 If thou knew'st no other War !

*A March to a rough wild Tune.*

*Enter Vulcan with Brontes, Steropes, Arges, Pyrachmon and other Cyclopes.*

*Vulcan looks about with his Spectacles.*

*Vulcan.*

Where's my damn'd Wife ? hoh ! here she stands,  
 Methinks she's plaguy fine to day !  
 And this in spite of my Commands :  
 There's something in't ; she looks too gay.

*Cupid.* Is the Grumbling Husband here ?  
 Love no longer then can stay.

*[Exit Cupid with his Followers.]*

*Euph.* When the jealous Coxcomb's near,  
 All the Graces must away.

*[Exeunt the three Graces.]*

*Hora.* Now an Hour will seem a Day,

*[Manent Horæ.]*

*Vulcan.*

*Vulcan.* Thou Plague of my Life,  
 Thou Devil, thou Wife!  
 Come, tell me, why did you  
 Dress so like a Crack? you know I forbid you.  
 Why d'you patch thus and prink?  
 What, you're painted, I think!  
 Why this Head six foot high?  
 S<sup>t</sup> Blood and Fire, who am I?

*Venus.*

My Fool; for what else can that Property be  
 That's ugly, and old, and ill-natur'd, like thee?  
 I'll dress when I please; nay, I'll cuckold thee too:  
 What else have young Wives with such Husbands to do?

*Vulcan.*

If ever you dare,  
 I'll make the World know what a Strumpet you are.

*Venus.*

Nay, what do I care?  
 You'll make the World know what a Cuckold you are.

*Both at the same time in a scolding manner.*

*Vulcan.* I'll make the World know what a Strumpet  
 you are.

*Venus.* You'll make the World know what a Cuckold  
 you are.

*Ritornel.*

*Vulcan.* Join, and curse the Tie with me,  
 That confines us to one Bed.

*Venus.* Thus, at least, we'll once agree ;  
Curs'd be he that made us wed.

[*Vulcan repeats that Verse three times with Venus.*]

*Enter some Cyclopes and their Wives, at the noise of Vulcan and Venus's quarrelling.*

*Chorus of all.*

Join, and curse the Tie with me,

That confines us to one Bed :

Thus alone you can agree,

Curst be he, curst be he, curst be he that made you wed.

[*Some of the Cyclopes and their Wives dance, while the others are singing ; and in the Dance they frown, jolt, and threaten each other, wring their Hands, and kick backwards, and the Women make Horns at the Men.*]



ACT



## A C T II.

*The Musick compos'd by Mr. John Eccles.*

S C E N E, *The Garden of Venus.*

*A March, with Trumpets and Kettle-drums, and then  
with Hautboys, alternate.*

*Enter Mars, followed by Gallus, Fear, Anger, Noise,  
and a Body of Soldiers marching.*

M A R S.



ALT!

*Fear. Halt!*

*Noise. Halt!*

*Mars. None but Gallus further comes.*

*Now face about. [They all face about except Gallus]*  
Sound, beat

A Retreat,

Ye Trumpets, and ye Drums.

March all to Quarters ; march, and there remain,  
Till my Command renews the rough Campaign.

*They all march out in military Order, except Mars and  
Gallus, who stay. The Drums, Trumpets, and  
Hautboys continue the March alternate, till they  
are all gone.*

*Mars*



*Mars.* Thou watchful Centinel of Love,  
*Gallus*, my trusty Spy,  
 By whom secure in am'rous Wars I move,  
 And all surprising Foes defy,  
 Procure thy Master new Delight ;  
 Go, bring my Goddess to my fight.

*Gallus*, *looking sneakingly*.  
 What if the limping Cuckold's nigh ?  
 I may be bang'd,  
 And may be hang'd ;  
 And then god b'y',  
*Gallus* your trusty Spy !

*Mars.* No more : I on thy Vigilance rely.

*Gallus.* —I shall be kill'd —

*Mars*, [*Offering to draw his Sword*.

*Mars.* By me.

*Gallus.* Hold, hold, I fly. [*Exit Gallus running.*  
*Symphony*.

*Mars.* Oh ! Rival ! you must happy be ;  
 You ev'ry day my Goddess see.  
 Perhaps in vain you sigh and sue ;  
 But you at least my Goddess view.

For such dear bewitching sight,  
 Who wou'd not gaze away the Light ?  
 Oh ! tho' I see her ev'ry where,  
 I too too little see the Fair.

In vain to shun her Sight I strove :  
 Here, in my Heart 'tis fix'd by Love.  
 None can the charming Image blot,  
 I see her when I see her not.

And

And who can from her Chains be freed ?

She looks ; and Gods themselves adore.

She smiles ; then I'm a God indeed.

She's in my Arms ; Oh, then I'm more !

*Enter Venus follow'd by Cupid and his Train, and Gallus after them.*

*Venus running, into Mars's Arms.*

My Mars !

Mars. My Venus !

*Mars and Venus.*

Oh !

Mars. My Life !

Venus. My Soul ! my dearest Mars !

Mars. My dearest Venus ! oh !

‘ Now let the World a Truce from Wars and Tumults

‘ While Mars is here, 'tis Peace below. (know,

‘ O Absence, now I see

‘ Unjustly we complain of thee ;

‘ Without thy Pow'r, cou'd I have hop'd to find

‘ Ev'n Beauty's Queen so charming and so kind ?

Venus. My Life !

Mars. My Soul !

Venus. My dearest Mars !

Mars. My dearest Venus !

Venus. Oh !

*Cupid, while dumb Courtship passes between Mars and Venus.*

Come, you Loves, clap ev'ry Wing ;

Io, triumph, dance and sing.

[Cupid's Followers dance.

‘ Come,

‘ Come, you Loves, clap every Wing :  
 ‘ *La*, triumph, dance and sing

*Mars and Venus.*

How sweet, how pleasing, when return’d,  
 The lovely Object whom we mourn’d!  
 Recruited Fires more fiercely warm,  
 And Absence heightens ev’ry Charm.  
 The Blessing that a while was lost,  
 When ’tis regain’d is valu’d most.  
 ‘ How sweet, how pleasing, when return’d,  
 ‘ The lovely Object whom we mourn’d!

*Venus.* My Life!

*Mars.* My Soul!

*Venus.* My dearest *Mars*!

*Mars.* My dearest *Venus*!

*Venus.* Oh!

*Enter Vulcan while Venus is in the Arms of Mars, and saying — Oh!*

*Vulcan.* So! so! [He offers to knock ’em down with his Hammer, but is binder’d by Gallus.

*Gallus.* Hold; let the God of Anvils know,  
 My Master’s Arms must be just so.

[While he sings the last Verse, he puts his Arms about Vulcan’s Neck, and then about his Body and Thighs, making Motions to show him how a Coat of Armour should be made to fit Mars.

*Vulcan.* You fancy Varlet, I say no.

Come, Bully *Mars*, let go, let go;  
 Your Arms must be just so, just so.

[While he sings this, he takes Mars by the Arms, and lays ’em along his Sides.

*Gallus.*

*Gallus*. Hold, fiery Smith, I mean those Arms,  
Which you must frame for War's Alarms:

Those Arms must o'er his Shoulders close, just so,  
As he did now to *Venus* show,  
Only that she might let you know.

He's somewhat rough, she somewhat tender,  
His leaning on her might offend her;

So she cry'd, Oh! That's all.

*Vulcan*. Oh ho! is it so?

*Gallus*.

Now since you're come, if you're at Leisure,  
An't please your Godship, take his Measure.

*Ritornel*.

*Mars*. Here, *Vulcan*, arm me *Cap-a-pie*;  
And let my Shield impenetrable be.

Let future Heroes there appear;  
Place *Greece's*, *Rome's*, and brave *Britain's* there,  
Let *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, *Arthur* meet,  
And all their Laurels lay at greater *William's* Feet.

' *William* more God-like, and as brave,

' Shall only fight th' endanger'd World to save;

' *William* my other self shall be;

' Inspir'd by \* *Themis*, and by me. \* *The Goddess*  
of Justice.

' Immur'd in Steel now Warriors safely fight;

' But Balls unseen, with rapid flight,

' One Day shall deal Destruction thro' the Field:

' *William*, with Breast unarm'd, shall face those fiery Foes,

' And *Mars* must kindly interpose,

' His Representative to shield.

Here,



Here, *Vulcan*, arm me *Cap-a-pie* ;  
And let my Shield impenetrable be.

*Gallus*. But good your Godship, know,  
His Arms must be just so, just so.

*Vulcan* hindering *Venus* from holding *Mars* ; *who*, while  
*Gallus* sings, talks to her, making Signs, as if he gave  
her Directions about the Armour.

‘ Hold, I don’t like my Wife should feel  
‘ This ample Back of Brawn like Steel.  
Come, Mistress, pray, what Business had you here ?

*Venus* faulting.

I only—came—to—take—the Air, my Dear.

*Vulcan*.

You rather came to arm my Head, I fear.

*Venus* wheeling.

Go, now I hate you, now go to.  
And cou’d you, cou’d you think I’d do,  
As I in jest did threaten you ?  
Go, now I hate you, now go to.  
Dull Fool ! had I design’d to try,  
Wou’d I have told you so before ?  
Besides, you see my Son was by.

*Vulcan*. Your Son’s a Pimp, and you ———

*Venus*. ——— No more.

*Vulcan*.

‘ Why, sure some Fiend must have possess’d you,  
‘ ’Tis but a Month since I caref’d you.

*Venus*.

*Venus.* ' Ungrateful Dear ! cou'd you believe  
 ' I wou'd myself and you deceive ?  
 ' What with that Forehead can compare ?  
 ' Can any one read Cuckold there ?  
 ' That Leer ! that Hip ! that Heel and Toe !  
 ' What tho' you're old ? most *Beaux* are so.

*Vulcan.*

' Nay, when I'm smugg'd up, I'm so comely,  
 ' I know you cannot think me homely.

*Mars.* Come, for her Pardon humbly sue ;  
 Tho' she were not so true,  
 She's still too good for you.  
 Come, for her Pardon humbly sue.

*Vulcan.* What shall I do ?

I fear this *Mars*, and love and fear her too.

*Mars.* Come, for her Pardon humbly sue.

*Vulcan.* It must be so, my Deary, Deary !  
 My Love ! my Soul !

*Venus.* My Hate, my Fool !

*Vulcan.*

Pray, Chuck, don't frown, let me come near you !  
 Come, 'tis a Folly to repine,  
 You've had your Jest, pray pardon mine.

*Venus.* First ask his Pardon as you ought.

*Vulcan to Mars.*

You hear her, pray, good *Mars*, forgive my Fault.

*Mars.* Well, for her sake, no more of this be thought.

*Vulcan.*

## The LOVES of

*Vulcan.* ' Now, Dear, a Kiss in sign of Grace.

*Venus.* ' Not till you've got you a new Face.

*Vulcan.* ' Come, Buſs'e; come, it muſt be ſo.

*Venus, after he had kiſs'd her.*

' Piſh, you're ſo troubleſome! Now go.

*Gallus.* ' Shou'd he not beg my Pardon too?

*Mars.* ' Ah! how ſweet is reconciling,

' When a loving Pair is ſmiling,

' Free from Spleen or jealous Doubt!

' O that that we cou'd ſtill be ſmiling,

' Still thus kindly reconciling,

' And yet never falling out.

*Vulcan.* Now all is well, my *Cyclops* ſhall advance  
With their neweſt Anvil-Dance.

[*Exit Vulcan.*]

*Mars.* ' Let's a while renew our Blifſes

' In a ſweet exchange of Kiſſes:

' Thus the Lover comes in Play,

' When the Huſband is away.

*Venus.* ' But, alas, he will not ſtay!

' Soon be gone; but ſoon return,

' Soon? no, I a whole tedious Hour muſt mourn!

' I a whole tedious Hour muſt be

' Depriv'd of Heav'n, depriv'd of Thee.

*Enter Vulcan, with ſeveral ſinging and dancing Cyclopes.*  
*They lay an Anvil on the middle of the Stage.* *Brontes,*  
*Arges, Steropes, and Pyrachmon, the four chief Cy-*  
*clopes ſing, while others dance and ſtrike on the Anvil.*

*Vulcan.*

*Vulcan.*

Come, away ; strike and sing,

Ting, ting, ting, terry terre, terry ting, &c.

Let us make the Caves ring,

Ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting,

While we forge Thunder-Bolts for Heav'n's King.

Ting, ting, ting.

*Steropes holding a red hot Bolt.*

This he'll fling,

Ting, ting, ting,

At Cowards at Sieges, and Atheists at Pray'rs ;

At a Husband, who by his Wife's Chastity swears.

This he'll fling, ting, ting, ting. [*Chorus of Cyclopes.*

At promising Courtiers, and Fools that believe 'em ;

At poor Rogues that give Bribes, and rich Knaves that

This he'll fling, &c.

[*receive 'em ;*

At a *Weather-Cock Priest*, who ne'er thinks as he teaches ;

At a *Cit* in his Buff, with his Heart in his Breeches ;

This he'll fling, &c.

At *Beaux* who protest they of Favours ne'er boast,

Yet drink the Fair's Health ev'ry Night with a Toast ;

This he'll fling, &c.

At Masks, who at Fifty would follow Love's Trade ;

At a Female of Twenty that swears she's a Maid ;

This he'll fling, &c.

At a Couple who swear that they never repented ;

At a *Briton* who says, he can long live contented ;

This he'll fling, &c.

At a *Ninny* who finds a Gallant with his Wife,

Then begs both their Pardons for making a Strife.

*Vulcan.* ' How ! then I am fool'd, I doubt.

*Mars.* ' No, he jests ; come, still be smiling,

' Free from Spleen, or jealous Doubt,

' Still



- ‘ Still be kindly reconciling,
- ‘ But be never falling out.

*The Cyclopes with the rest join in a Chorus, and  
Dance, striking on their Anvil.*

- ‘ Thus may your Joys for ever last,
- ‘ The Charms of Peace best after Wars we taste.



## A C T III

*The Musick compos'd by Mr. Finger.*

## S C E N E, a Grove.

*Symphony. Enter Vulcan, and Jealousy behind him.*



Y Courage comes, now *Mars* is gone,  
I'll not be bullied into Patience.

I shou'd be jeer'd, shou'd he go on,  
By Gods, and Godlins, and all Nations:  
No, I'll be bold, now *Mars* is gone.

How shall I use this rampant Creature?

*Jealousy imitating Echo* ——— hate her.

What if I valiantly should beat her?

*Jealousy like Echo* ——— beat her.

But when she wheedles I believe her.

*Jealousy like Echo* ——— leave her.

Will she still jilt my kind Endeavour?

*Jealousy like Echo* ——— ever.

How! *Echo*! what am I? speak *Echo*.

*Jealousy like a Cuckoe*, ——— Cuckoe.

*Symphony*

Symphony. *Vulcan, thinking it to be the Cuckoe's Note.*

Vile Bird, be curst for thy unwelcome Tongue!  
Hence, let the lustful Sparrow hatch thy Young,  
And Cuckoe be thy Name, and Cuckoe be thy Song!  
Let married Wretches dread, yet share thy Name,  
Their Wives the Guilt, yet theirs the Shame,  
Till Cuckoe spreads thro' all the universal Frame.

*Jealousy discovers her self.*

*Symphony.*

*Jealousy.* See, *Vulcan*, *Jealousy* appears!  
Tho' not to ease, but raise thy Cares.  
Still restless round the World I run,  
To wrack the wretched Lover's Mind:  
I watch and journey with the Sun,  
To search for what I dread to find.  
Thence sliding on a Beam, my Eye  
Saw *Mars* with *Venus* loosely toy.

*Ritornel.*

*Vulcan.* Revenge me, Hell, new Pains invent;  
To plague 'em, all thy Racks I'll steal.  
No, that's too mild a Punishment;  
Let 'em both share the Hell, the greater Hell I feel.  
[*Exeunt Vulcan and Jealousy.*

*Enter Venus, and Mars following her, and Gallus and Euphrosyne after 'em.*

*Mars.* Yield, my Dear, let full possessing  
Crown my Love, and charm my Sense.

*Venus.* No, I must oppose your pressing  
With as gallant a Defence.

*Mars.* When Love's Harvest shou'd be reaping,  
Will you waste the Time in Doubt?

*Venus.*

*Venus.* Ev'ry Town that's worth the keeping,  
 Keeps a while th' Invader out.  
 Cheap Embraces quickly cloy;  
 Easy Conquest seems a Toy:  
 But denying,  
 Struggling, flying,  
 Wanton playing,  
 Wise delaying,  
 Raise us to a Sense of Joy.

*Mars and Venus.*

Love's a Hawk, and stoops apace:  
 We all hurry  
 For the Quarry,  
 Tho' the Sport ends with the Chace.

*Ritornel.* [Exit Venus, and Mars after her.

*Gallus to Euphrosyne.*

Come, Child, let us kiss, hang dull silly Wooing;  
 'Tis time, like our Betters, we two shou'd be doing.  
 Kind Fate still assigns, as a Custom that's common,  
 To the Mistress the Master, the Man to the Woman.

*Euphrosyne.* Be still, I hate your wanton Play.

*Gallus.* Yet on a wanton Mistress wait?

*Euphro.* What others can be found of late?

If now we cannot still obey,

See all, hear all, and nothing say,

'Twere Pity we shou'd serve the Great.

*Gallus.* What, wou'd you have me dully woo?

I cannot flatter, cringe, and sue:

Yet if high Love must pass between us,

Come, I'll be *Mars*, do you be *Venus*.

*Like*

[Like a Soldier.]

Dear Madam, you're so damn'd inviting,  
Rot me, I love you more than Fighting.  
There cannot be a better Sport,  
Than to besiege so fine a Fort;  
Your Eyes strange Executions do;  
Yet I must die, or conquer you.

*Euphrosyne.*

Hold, or my Hands will prove to you  
Offensive, and Defensive too.

*Gallus.*

'Tis vain, make what Defence you please,  
These two white rising Tow'rs I'll seize.

[Struggles with her.]

*Gallus.* Yield.

*Euphr.* No.

*Gallus.* I must storm then.

*Euphr.* ———— Do, do, I defy you.

Be quiet, nay don't you; I'll cry out.

*Gallus.* ———— I'll try you.

Do, do, I defy you; do, no body's by you.

*Euphr.* Hold, hold —

*Gallus.* ———— I hold you.

*Euphr.* Hold, hold, or I'll fly you.

*Gallus.* I hold you.

*Euphr.* ———— I'll fly you.

*Gallus.* ———— Do, do, I defy you.

[Gallus carries her off.]

*Ritornel.*

*E*

*Re-enter*

*Like*



*Re-enter Vulcan, having laid a Net by the Couch.*

*Vulcan.*

My Wife and her Bully are coming this Way ;  
Tho' kill them I cannot, expose them I may.  
Since Chains of hot Lust their dark Union have made,  
In Fetters as subtle they'll here be betray'd.

*Ritornel.*

Well, let ev'ry Fumble,  
Who like me will stumble,  
Be soon made as humble  
As I !

And may his Wife fly him,  
Or court others by him,  
And Fate then deny him  
To die.

*Ritornel.*

*Re-enter Mars and Venus.*

*Mars very amorously.*

How my Passion is increas'd  
With imperfect Pleasure toying !  
I'll no more starve at a Feast,  
Nor enjoy without enjoying.

*Venus running into his Arms.*

Ah ! my Dear, my Soul, my All !  
Thus for ever let me lie ;  
In thy Arms I ravish'd fall,  
Tranc'd in melting Joys I die.

*[Mars and Venus sit upon the Couch.]*

*Mars.*

• O blefs me less ! th' Almighty Joy  
• Will ev'n Divinity destroy.

' It shakes and labours with the Bliss,  
' And wastes, and wastes with ev'ry stronger Kiss.

*It thunders, and at the same time the  
Net spreads over 'em. The Scene o-  
pens, and discovers in a Glory, Ju-  
piter, Juno, and other Heavenly Dei-  
ties.*

Wild Musick.

Mars rous'd out of his Extasy, and finding himself caught

Hah! am I fall'n from Heav'n to Hell?  
No, still 'tis Heav'n, bright Goddess, where you dwell.  
How! trapt in Chains! *Jove* here! Curst *Vulcan* too!  
Ye Gods, what Being ever fell  
So low, from high'r than you?  
Dull Spy, by whose Neglect I'm caught, [*To Gallus.*]  
' Turn to a Bird, and by thy early Call  
' (Lest secret Lovers like me fall)  
Prevent the prying Sun, and thus atone thy Fault.

*Vulcan.*

' Here for ever thus remain:  
, Strong as Fate is *Vulcan's* Chain.  
Curs'd be the Pair that brand my Front with Shame!  
Most curst my Wife! Damn all Adult'ers, damn!  
May my worst Fires boil their salacious Blood,  
Corrode their Flesh, dry up the tainted Flood;  
Prey on their Bones, their inmost Marrow fry,  
Till they curse Heav'n, like me, and vainly wish to die.

*Momus laughing to Mars.*

Dear Bully, thou'rt fitted; long may you lie thus.  
'Tis sweet to make Cuckolds; but why one of us?  
What's cheaper than Women? Look, yonder appears  
A World of kind Wives, and of She-Voluntiers.

Not one here but wishes t'have been in your Place.  
 Yet, *Vulcan*, thou'rt wise thus to spread thy Disgrace:  
 Thus Jealousy's cur'd, and Men gladly will know,  
 There are Cuckolds above, as well as below.  
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, hah! as well as below.

*The Chorus repeat the two last Lines.*

*Symphony. Enter Cupid with a Train of Cupids.*

*Cupid.* Thus all unequal Unions break,  
 Thus *Hymen* without Love is weak.  
 But I'll exert my Pow'r anew,  
 Make *Vulcan* kind, and *Venus* true.  
 Her Gratitude will soon improve,  
 And Friendship shall resemble Love.  
 Where *Hymen* wove unequal Tyes,  
 Love to no higher Pitch can rise.

*[Cupid strikes Vulcan with an Arrow]*

*Venus.*

Compell'd by Love and Fate's resistless Pow'r,  
 We lov'd, we fail'd, your Pardon I implore.

*Vulcan.*

Well, I'm a Fool; will you do so no more?

*Venus, Mars, and Cupid.*

No more, no more, no more.

*[Vulcan goes to set 'em free]*

*A March with Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, &c.*

*Enter the Followers of Mars.*

*[Immediate]*

[Immediately after the warlike Musick, Flutes and other soft Musick are heard.]

Rouse, God of War, to Arms, to Arms.

*Cupids.*

To Love, to Love, to Love's Alarms.

*Warriors.*

To War, to War, to War's Alarms.

*Cupids.*

Hark! Flutes are warbling Love!

*Warriors.*

—————Hark! Trumpets answer War.

*Mars.*

War, Battles, Conquests, Triumphs, Glory, War.

None but he is worthy Love,

Whom the Charms of Glory move.

*Cupid and Mars Hand in Hand.*

None but he is worthy Love,

Whom the Charms of Glory move.

*Grand Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments.*

Hail, great Gods of Love and War!

Thus the World's vast Empire share.

*Cupids.* ——— Glory without Love is vain.

*Warriors.* ——— Without Glory Love's a Bane.

*Cupids and* } None but he is worthy Love,

*Warriors.* } Whom the Charms of Glory move.



Hail, great Gods of Love and War!  
Thus the World's great Empire share.

*While the Grand Chorus is perform'd, several of Cupid's Followers dance to Flutes, and other soft Musick; and several of Mars's Followers dance to Trumpets, and other warlike Musick alternately; the Warriors strike on their Shields a kind of Tune with their Scymiters, and dance a Pyrrhick Dance, by Fits fighting off the Stage suddenly: and then immediately the Cupids come in and dance, with their Bows and Arrows, seeming to aim at each other; then also go off, and re-enter by Fits, which ends the Entertainment.*



EPI.



# EPILOGUE,

*Spoken by Mr. Bowen: Written by  
Mr. Motteux.*



GOOD People ! save the Body of our Play,  
From those who to dissect it yonder  
(stay,

Like Surgeons on an Execution Day.

Ev'n e'er it dies they'll mawl it, I'm afraid ;  
And you'd think't hard, like me, in such a dread,  
To be dissected e'er you're hang'd, and dead.

The fear of this our trembling Scriblers kills :

I dare say they've no need to take my Pills.

Pray spare 'em : Learn of Vulcan to forgive ;

Or else, egad, few Plays or Wives will live.

Ev'n he, methinks, too late his Wrath did smother ;

Here, Wives and Husbands keep not such a pother,

But fairly strive t' out-cuckold one another.

Why should all die that follow th' Occupation ?

Oonds ! 'twere the way to cut off half the Nation.

Besides, Horns are not seen ; shou'd they appear,

Gadsooks, yon Place wou'd ev'n out-horn Horn Fair.

You'd see your surly Dons toss their Bull's Feathers,

And your tame poor Contented bleat like Weathers ;

Leud rakish Husbands butt with goatish Horns,

And half-made Cuckolds with an Unicorn's.

Now

## EPILOGUE.

*Now as all have to Cuckoldry a Call,  
So will the Curse of scribbling on you fall;  
Egad these Times make Poets of us all.* }  
*Then do not damn your Brothers of the Quill;  
To be reveng'd, there's hope you'll write as ill.  
For ne'er were seen more Scribes, yet less good writing,  
And there ne'er were more Soldiers, yet less Fighting.  
Both can do nothing if they want supplies,*  
*Then aid us, and our League its neighbouring Foes* }  
*Tho' they brib'd lately one of our Allies. (desies ;*  
*Sure you'd not have us, for want of due pittance,*  
*Like Nincompoops sneak to them for Admittance.*  
*No ; propt by you, our Fears and Dangers cease,* }  
*Here firm, tho' Wealth decay, and Foes increase,*  
*We'll bravely tug for Liberty and Peace.* }





A N  
EXPLANATION

Of the FABLE of  
*MARS* and *VENUS*;

OUT OF  
Mr. *Motteux's* GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL,  
Month of *January*, Vol. 3.

**T**HE oldest of the Heathen Gods was *Cœlus*, whose Son *Saturn* is sometimes describ'd like an old Man devouring his Children, and at others with Wings and a Scythe; with which having spoil'd his Father's propagating Faculty, lest he should produce other Beings, some of the Blood fell into the Sea, and mixing with the foamy Waves gave Birth to *Venus*.

By *Cœlus* the Antients seem to have meant the Heavens, whose Motions give birth to Time, which is figured by *Saturn*, made old, because first created; and said to devour his Children, Time devouring its Off-spring. The Wings imply its Swiftneſs; and the Scythe, that it mows down all. *Saturn* castrating *Cœlus* shows, that Time soon takes from Things the Power of multiplying their Kind, lest they should encrease to too great a Number, and



and that the Destruction of one is the Production of another; also, that even after the loss of the Power, Desire fluctuates, and creates *Venus*.

*Fair Venus is the Wife of limping Vulcan, and Cupid is her Son; Mars is the Son of Juno, who by the Advice of Flora, begot him, having toucht a Flower, to be even with Jupiter, who begot Minerva out of his Brain without any other Help. Mars is charm'd, courts and enjoys Venus; but Phœbus discovers this to Vulcan, who frames so artificial a Net, that he secures Mars and Venus in it, who are expos'd to the Laughter of the Gods.*

*Venus is libidinous Pleasure, which is always wedded to the Fire of Lust: which is the Reason that Vulcan is made ugly, because Lust is so, limping like too many of its infected Votaries; and supporting himself with a Stick, because Fire cannot subsist without Fuel; made God of Smiths, because lustful Flames serve to forge and sharpen the first Points of Love, that is, the Arms of Cupid; as it made those of the Trojans and Greeks in another Sense, the Loves of Paris and Helena having caus'd those two Nations to take up Arms. And as Venus is Daughter of the Sea, Vulcan's Wife, and Mars's Mistress, she's apt to cause stormy Commotions, Fire and Bloodshed.*

*As for Jupiter's having without any help produc'd out of his Brain Minerva the Goddess of Arts and Sciences, call'd Pallas and Bellona, when she presides to defensive Arms, this means the omnipotent Deity, who by his supreme Wisdom has form'd all States, and given to Man Arts and Sciences, with the Means of defending himself against his Enemies. Juno is Riches, Jealousy and Envy, that begat Mars, which is War, in Opposition to Minerva, that is the flourishing Condition of Governments. Flora, by whom Juno is advis'd, means Youth, to whose rash Advice War often*

often owes its Beginning. By Mars Warriors are to be understood, who gazing on Venus, or libidinous Pleasure, are entic'd; and abandoning themselves to an ignoble Sloth, lose their martial Vigour, which is only preserv'd by military Discipline. Now this cannot be hid from the piercing Eyes of a prying Observer, meant by the Sun, whose Light discovers all the Intrigue to the Enemy: Thus they are surprized in the Snare, which the Fire of Lust, the Husband of unlawful Pleasure, has laid for them; and exposed to the Censure of the Gods, that is, their Superiors, and the World.

F I N I S.



often comes in. By means of this, the  
disposal, and getting on, in the  
the mind; and also showing themselves to be good  
the their mental faculties, it is not only  
any Disposition. The mind from the  
ing Part of a person, and for the same  
largest share of the knowledge; that they  
are surprised in the Part of the  
Harbour of universal Philosophy, for in the  
told to the Captain of the Coast, that in their  
and the World.



F I N I S

